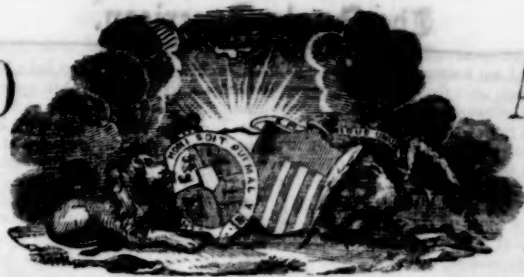


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THE CHAPLET.

FROM "UNLAND'S BALLADS."

While Blanche was young and blithe, one day
She left her little mates at play
To gather flowers and leaflets green,
When, from the coppice-wilderness
Stepped forth a Dame in royal dress,
Like some dream-imagined Fairy Queen.

She gazed upon the wondering child,
Gazed long and long, and blandly smiled,
Then wound a Chaplet round her brow.
"A many a Spring 'twill bloom and shine,"
She said, "O, spotless daughter mine,
Will bloom and shine as now!"

And Blanche grew up, and as she grew,
And tears, like drops of living dew,
Ran down her lily cheeks, and she
Strayed fondliest where the moonlight cold
Lay tranced on pinctree dolls, behold!
The Chaplet blossomed beautifully!

And when her bridegroom pressed her lips,
And kissed away the chill eclipse
Which, like a cloud o'er Summer bowers,
So overdarkened in maiden life
Her years and beauties, then the Wife
Beheld the blossoms blow in flowers!

So, when, as Time glid brightly on,
She gazed upon her firstborn son,
Another emblem greeted her,
For now small golden fruitings gleamed
Amid the tender flowers, and seemed
To daily grow yet lovelier!

But, after many a chequered year
The mourners bore her funeral bier,
And then the Chaplet's glory fled.
It grew a mass of such wan leaves
As droop and drop in Autumn eves;
It could not live, and she be dead!

They laid it on her nightblack tomb,
But lo, a marvel! All its bloom
Returned with tenfold beauty now,
In flowers and fruits of heavenly gold,
For, ah! Faith's eyes might now behold
That Chaplet on an Angel's brow!

PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages in Black and White. Made on the Spot by a Wandering Artist. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

The design of this book is not a bad one. You come to some grim-looking castle, some half-ruined monastery, or some grey-turreted church, the great antiquity of which strikes you at once. You next inquire what historical associations, whether in ancient chronicle or tradition, relate to one of these time-honoured relics; and, in almost every country, and especially in Switzerland, you are sure to light on characters and events likely to interest the present age. If history be strictly adhered to, you may instruct as well as amuse.

The fair author commences her picturesque historical sketches with Basle. The cathedral was the burial-place of the Empress Anne (1282,) consort of Rudolph I., the founder of Austrian greatness. The corpse was brought from Vienna; and the ceremonial of interment was as splendid as any lover of fine sights could wish to behold. Yet the exposure of the imperial corpse—not in the coffin, but on a magnificent throne—would seem an odd, and not very agreeable, spectacle in our days. The Bishop of Basle and his clergy thought otherwise; and it cannot be denied that they had precedents enough for the ceremony, which, in some parts of the Continent, is not unknown even at this day:—

"All the clergy of his diocese received invitations to be present at this august solemnity; and on Thursday, the 19th of March, 1282, he issued from the gates of the episcopal palace at the head of twelve hundred ecclesiastics (of whom six were abbots,) priests conventual and secular, each bearing a lighted waxen torch, to meet the funeral cavalcade at some distance from the city gates. The imperial corpse was received at the door of the cathedral, with all the state and ceremony peculiar to papal pomp, by three other bishops awaiting its arrival with a minor host of dignitaries; and from thence (amid the chanting of litanies and the chiming of bells) conveyed into the choir, where the coffin was opened, and the deceased empress was placed upon a magnificent throne, which had been erected on a raised platform, surmounted by a dais or canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold. Her ladies and the distinguished personages who took a prominent part in the procession, dressed in deep mourning, ranged themselves on either side; whilst the four bishops performed a solemn mass before the awe-stricken multitude, assembled in thousands to witness so strange and appalling a sight. Sumptuous robes of rich silk and velvet enveloped the inanimate form of departed majesty. A veil of white silk floated from her head, and a small but elegant crown of silver gilt rested on her forehead. A collar of gold curiously wrought, containing a rich sapphire and other precious

stones, was round her neck; and on the pale fingers of her lifeless hands, crossed over her bosom, glittered many costly gems. When the solemn service for the dead was finished, the body was again re-committed to the coffin, and entombed, amid the weeping of her attendants, in the choir close to that of the young prince Charles."

But the remains of the Empress were not to await the sound of the Archangel's trumpet at Basle. Wounded by the reflection that, as the cathedral was no longer Catholic, the bones of her ancestors were reposing in ground not quite so holy as she could wish, Maria Theresa, in 1771, removed them (there were twelve other coffins besides that of Rudolph's consort) to the Abbey of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest.—

"When the tomb of the empress was opened at Basle, the coffin, or rather coffer, being found in too decayed a state to encounter a second journey, the padlocks were removed, and the body carefully transferred to one of solid mahogany, in the presence of the German commissioners and Swiss authorities, to whom a very extraordinary and awful spectacle was then exposed. The whole person of the empress was found in a perfect state, changed only to a deep black—her diadem still rested on her brows, and her golden collar encircled her throat—her royal habiliments preserved their graceful contour—but every hue, every shade of colour had fled."

The imperial ornaments were given to the city of Basle, and were carefully preserved until 1830; when, at the close of the unhappy war between the municipality and the neighbouring country, they fell into the hands of parties insensible to their value, who sold them for less than their intrinsic weight in bullion. The necklace was purchased by a jeweller; and an Israelitish pedlar rejoiced in possessing the crown. But, alas! the bodies themselves had not yet reached a final resting-place,—though dirge and anthem and pomp imperial had celebrated their recommitment to the dust, and a stately monument had arisen to commemorate the piety of Maria Theresa. The revolutionary armies of France approached the abbey; and, to save them from profanation, the late Emperor Francis once more removed them to the vault of the Hapsburg family, in the Capuchin Convent at Vienna.

But there is something at Basle deserving of more attention than even the cathedral:—

"The traveller, however brief his sojourn at Basle, cannot fail to remark the solid battlements which crown the opposite shore of the Rhine, and the mass of buildings within, surmounted by a dilapidated church of extremely beautiful architecture: should his curiosity tempt him to cross the fine old bridge which spans the wide and rapid Rhine, and then turn up a dark narrow street to the left, he will find at its extremity the mouldering, but most extensive remains of a religious house, now in part converted into a hospital for invalid soldiers. Multitudinous windows, from which hang files of shirts and stockings; Gothic doorways, half blocked up by bricks, and turf, and faggots; fragments of stone, of exquisite workmanship, on which the skilful sculptor had lavished long days of painful labour, profusely scattered over the well-trodden dirty court-yards, tell a lesson of fallen grandeur, and present a picture of bygone splendour not to be mistaken. Reader, that desolate dwelling was once the home of the noblest ladies of Europe! The silent aisles of that deserted church, converted into stables and granaries, yet enclose the dust of princes, nobles, prelates, abbesses, and titled damsels, whose well-authenticated gentle blood could alone have procured them the honour of reposing within its hallowed precincts. A society of Dominican nuns were the possessors of this once sacred edifice—here for many centuries their superior reigned in sovereign power, independent of all control but that of the supreme head of the Romish Church. What a lesson on the mutability of life—on the evanescent nature of earthly pomp and worldly grandeur—may be learned from these crumbling ruins! Of all the noble ladies who lived and died within their holy enclosure, not a name, not a trace exists in their seat of empire."

It is the monastery of Klingenthal to which our attention is directed; and the ruins so well described furnish occasion for the historical sketch of "The Nuns' War." This religious house was founded in 1273, by the Baron of Clingen, under the auspices of the Emperor Rodolph; and its property was greatly augmented by the bequests of nobles in the surrounding provinces, and still more by the money and lands derived from the high-born ladies who assumed the veil in this aristocratic community. For some generations the holy recluses went on as well as other communities. Matins and mass, vespers and even-song, were chaunted without interruption; and some portion, no doubt, of the superfluities arising from their ample revenues went to the relief of the poor who appeared at the convent gate. But about the year 1430, the monotony of their existence was agreeably broken by a quarrel with the prior and brotherhood of a Dominican establishment in the same city. The superior of that establishment had always exercised the right of protecting and of visiting the sister community—a right not unaccompanied by substantial advantages. But at the period in question,—whether the visitatorial functions were more rigidly exercised, or "the sisters of Klingenthal," confiding in their noble connexions, had become too proud for such a surveillance,—a stand was made against the authority of the grey-bearded fathers. When these grumbled at this petticoat rebellion, the gates of the convent were shut against them; and they had the additional mortification of seeing their jurisdiction transferred to the Bishop of Constance, who openly espoused the cause of the nuns. This event proved that the holy ladies were not without spirit. They had vowed to be their own mistresses, and they were so to their hearts' content;—for as to the authority of the distant bishop, it was just none at all. But even had he been near at hand and vigilant, he would scarcely have been equal to the quelling of such high spirits. "Curse these nuns!" cried one testy old visitor (the Abbot of Wettingen),—whose anathema, however, did not apply to the sisters of Klingenthal,—"Curse these nuns! I dare not even mention the charges which are brought against them! Why are they not sober and chaste? They have cho-

sen me for their guide because they know that I am a simple, credulous man, and easily deceived!" For some years, however, after the conquest over the Dominican friars, the sisters in question were outwardly decorous; and that they were also internally strict may be assumed from a tragedy which happened in 1466. A young nun, tired of her lot, and seeing no hope of escape save in a *coup-de-main*, set fire to the convent, expecting amid the confusion of the scene to slip unperceived away. But, though she had the pleasure of seeing the dormitories, and one at least of the cloisters, in a blaze, attended with as great a hubbub as could well be desired, she was at once suspected by the prioress, and safely guarded in the church until the fire was extinguished. Her guilt soon appeared, and her doom was "a vaulted cell underground, with bread and water for life." Never again was her name mentioned, or the period known when death terminated her sufferings. Her noble birth and powerful connexions probably saved her from the still more dreadful doom of "*Vade in pace*!" But this austerity, whether real or affected, at length gave way to the natural course of things. Uninterrupted prosperity, with a surveillance merely nominal, was not the best soil for the growth of asceticism. There was first a suspicion: suspicion led to vigilant observation,—this to whisper,—and whisper to the bold report that the sisters of Klingenthal were "holy no longer." The progress of deterioration is well described by our anonymous author:—

"By one of those singular mysteries in the human heart inexplicable to reason, the nuns seemed to grow strangely more lenient to themselves after they had condemned their hapless sister to so fearful a doom, for seeking to escape from the thralldom of her vows; unless indeed the remembrance of the crime into which her detestation of a cloister life led her, determined them to abate its rigours in their own instance. They first ceased to chaunt their matin and vesper services, and this relaxation from their ancient discipline was gradually followed by many others yet more striking: till at length the sober citizens of Basle were astounded by the open and ostentatious display of their luxury, worldliness, and disregard of the established decorums of a religious calling. The large, heavy, dismal, rumbling vehicle, in which the prioress was wont at Easter, and on other high days and holidays, to move with slow solemn pace from one church or chapel to another, to pay her annual tribute of worship to some particular saint, with two or three subdued-looking sisters, like herself veiled and muffled from head to foot, now rolled briskly through the streets seemingly bent on a very different errand. Their spacious garden, stretching to a considerable extent along the left bank of the Rhine, where each had, in former days, been thankful to cultivate as her sole amusement a little narrow plot, scarcely larger than that sole inheritance which Earth bestows on all her children at their birth, no longer sufficing for air and exercise, they made frequent visits to their conventual lands in the adjacent country. Their repasts in the refectory, if not equal to those served up to the noble ladies of the convent of St. Hildgarde at Zurich, one of whose dainty abbesses was said to have loved so much the roe of the delicate lotte, that after having extinguished the breed in her own lake she was forced to send to Constance and Zug for supplies of this favourite fish; or to the luxurious feasts of the Benedictine monks in Lombardy, whose table so amazed Martin Luther, fresh from German sour *kraut* and black barley bread, that he deemed it his duty to warn them of his intention, on reaching Rome, to report their scandalous gluttony and extravagance to the Pope, (for which the good man was within an inch of losing his life, so little did they relish his sincerity or appreciate his concern for their souls;) still they were most *recherche* and abundant, as the loads of fish and fowl, and game and legs of mutton, and buttocks of beef, seen daily entering the side door leading to the ample kitchen amply testified. Then their dress—alas! alas! that even the history of a convent should add its testimony to this besetting sin of woman-kind! The thick white woollen tunics of the Dominican order, with heavy black mantles and coarse linen, were replaced by habiliments made in the same form, but of the finest materials. A narrow braid of glossy hair peeping under the snowy cambic which descended with symmetrical precision on each side of the face, attested either the forgetfulness or contempt of the fair wearers for the invariable monastic ordinance which prescribes that the hair, solemnly cut off at the ceremony of the profession, shall never more be allowed to grow. Their veils and pelerins were of the most costly cambic—they decorated their fair slender fingers with jewelled rings.

And crosses on their bosoms wore,
Which Jews might worship and infidels adore.

Their chaplets of gold or silver, enriched with precious stones often curiously carved, would have vied with those of Louis Quatorze or Anne of Austria; and the quaint and sad apparel of their rule, thus modified by the hand of taste, became rather dignified, unpoising, and becoming, than awful and repulsive. But these were minor points of offence—dust in the balance when weighed against other deviations from their vows. The privacy of the cloister was no longer respected—young and noble chevaliers, under the plea of consanguinity or friendship, were to be seen at almost all hours entering the great gates of the monastery, or lounging in the magnificent parlour appropriated to the reception of guests and strangers. A strong suspicion also existed that they had followed the example of Anne of Howen, late abbess of the noble ladies at Zurich, who, availing herself of an ancient custom which consecrated a sombre season of the year to the enjoyment of the carnival, went disguised through the city with her younger brother Frederick. And as Henry of Howen, the indulgent bishop of Constance, under whose pastoral care they had placed themselves in 1431, was the brother of the noble offenders at Zurich, far too mighty for punishment, it is not altogether impossible that the accusation might have some foundation."

If such reports gave scandal to the public at large, they were heard with pleasure by the Dominican fathers of Basle. Now was the time to be revenged on the pert ladies who had openly and scornfully defied them. The reigning pontiff, Sixtus IV., was soon made acquainted with the amours of the nuns; and though he was not exactly the man to throw the first stone at criminals of this class, he directed Jacob of Stubach, provincial of the Dominican order in Alsace, to declare at an end the visitatorial power of the Bishop of Constance, to replace the nuns under their former overseers, the vindictive friars, with an authority greatly augmented, and to carry the necessary reform to the utmost extent. With him was associated a stern man, William of Rappolstein, landvogt of Alsace. Attended by a numerous array, the provincial, early in January, 1480, hastened to the convent, and demanded admission in the formidable name of the Pope. Of course, the gates were opened; and the dignified visitors admitted to the presence of the prioress, seated in her chair of state, and her twenty-three nuns standing on each side of her. The latter were not prepared for the decisive measures commanded by the holy father of Christendom. They expected, indeed, a reprimand, and perhaps a transference of the visitatorial power from the Bishop of Constance to his lordship of Basle. They were soon undeceived, when the venerable provincial commenced the reading of the papal bull. So long as it related merely to the charges against them,—that they, the spouses of

Christ, had for many years led a luxurious, dissipated, and ungodly life,—they listened with contempt, their eyes speaking defiance to the intruders. But then came a scene:—

"Ere the apostolic letter was half concluded, astonishment and indignation burst in muttered exclamations of resentment so loud as to render the sonorous voice of the provincial almost inaudible; and when he at length reached that part which delivered them unconditionally into the absolute power of the brother preachers, whose partial yoke had been found so galling to the community fifty years before, rage and amazement overleaping all the boundaries of prudence and propriety, rendered every attempt to conclude it impossible. Whilst the prioress, who had started from her throne in a paroxysm of fury, stood stiff and erect from agonised emotion with some of the elder sisters in the midst of the commissioners, hurling at the brother preachers and senators of Basle threats of vengeance through the instrumentality of the several counts, and barons, and knights with whom they claimed kindred or acquaintance—now taunting them, especially the Dominicans, with divers insulting epithets and insinuations very derogatory to the honour of that revered body, then declaring that if, as menaced, any attempt should be made to remove them from the convent, they would set fire to it ere their expulsion,—the juvenile and more active nuns, aided by youthful limbs and ardent spirits, rushed from the parlour to the vast kitchen, from whence they quickly returned to the scene of action armed with brushes, spits, tongs, choppers, cleavers—every domestic utensil, in fine, which presented itself to their flashing eyes and eager hands. The provincial of Alsace and his dignified associates, who had probably listened to the injurious reproaches of the prioress and her companions with manly indifference, anticipating perhaps something of the sort, mingled with the sighs, tears, and swoons said to be usual with the fair sex on great occasions of woe or wrong or wrath, were overwhelmed by this sudden and most energetic display of feminine valour; personal safety absorbing all other considerations, with one accord they hastily retreated to the door; made good, not without some difficulty, their way unscathed through the narrow passages and outer courts, till they reached the grand portal, whence they bolted into the street, leaving the papal Bull behind them, in company with sundry broad braids, and deep plaited white frills, and ruffles, torn from their necks and hands in the scuffle; some destitute of cloaks, others denuded of hats, and all in a state of the most grievous alarm, shame, and confusion."

Into the details which followed, and which are richly worthy perusal, we cannot enter. We can but glance at the grand results. Spiritual, aided by secular, authority was too much for the nuns; and, with the exception of some half-dozen of the more advanced in years, they chose to quit the convent, and return to the bosom of their noble families, rather than submit to their hated visitors. A new community was brought to supply their places, and their ample possessions seemed lost to them for ever. But it was not so. Whatever might have been their faults, they had, at least, been excellent customers to the shopkeepers of Basle: this their successors were not. The friars were parsimonious, and therefore unpopular; and in a short time the exiled condition of the sisters attracted the sympathy of the citizens. That the successors in question should fail to be liberal, need not be wondered at—for, in truth, they had not the power. As the title-deeds of many manors—probably most of them—had been cunningly abstracted, and the tenants secretly encouraged to pay no rent, the revenues were fearfully diminished. This stroke of policy was followed by others equally able; until the noble relatives of the exiled recluses openly armed in their behalf, and Basle was invested by formidable armed bands. This demonstration was as fatal to the citizens, whose commerce it destroyed, as it was favourable to the nuns, whose letters and intrigues at length enlisted in their favour the mighty of the earth, whether ecclesiastic or secular. The end may be easily foreseen. In 1483, they were restored to their convent, allowed to choose their own advocates, and indemnified for their losses.

By way of episode—and a romantic though true episode it is—to this history of "The Nuns' War," we are presented with the fortunes of one sister; which well deserve our attention, as another proof that truth is often stranger than fiction. We allude to Adelaide, Baroness of Wartz; whose husband was implicated in the murder of the emperor, Albert I., in 1308. He seems to have been unjustly implicated; having, though present at the catastrophe, had no knowledge of the design, and being merely a spectator of the act. That, however, was no justification in the eyes of Albert's daughter, the implacable Agnes of Hungary. "This princess," says Pfeffel (whom our authoress does not cite), "acquired a melancholy celebrity by her cruel vengeance, not only on her father's assassins, who all escaped her pursuit, and who ended their days in exile and obscurity, but on their families, friends, and allies, whom she pitilessly sacrificed to the shade of Albert, though they were innocent of complicity in the crime which laid him in the tomb." The head of the conspirators, Albert's own nephew, John of Swabia (whom our author, we know not why, calls *Don John*), died in misery, at the early age of twenty-five.

"There is also a tradition so popular that it has attained a place in many annals, that during his wanderings in the wild mountains of the country to which he was born heir, the wretched prince was supported by a young female peasant, to whose industry and ingenuity he owed his preservation for so long a period. Seventy years afterwards, an aged, poverty-stricken man, of majestic mien whose silver hair shaded features of great beauty, might be seen in the streets of Vienna: though almost blind, he seldom begged—but at intervals, when he fancied he recognized a face of uncommon benevolence, he would approach, and say in a low voice, "Pity the miserable son of the miserable Don John of Swabia."

After victims so illustrious, the Baron de Wartz could not hope for favour. He was betrayed by a nobleman, and his fate brings before us the extraordinary attachment of his wife. The following graphic description is painfully interesting:—

"The miserable man was extended on the scaffold, on the point of receiving the first blow, when the horror-stricken crowd, assembled to witness this fearful sight, made way for a female in deep mourning, whose wan pale face, and eager efforts to approach the scene of suffering, overcame all obstacles to her desire. She walked steadily forward, and dropping on her knees implored the executioner to permit her to remain. She was the wife of the victim! Naturally of a gentle retiring nature, the Baroness of Wartz had mingled but little in the haughty court of the Emperor Albert; and after she became a mother she withdrew yet more from its gaieties, though her youth and beauty, high rank, and amiable qualities had ever insured her a distinguished place in its patrician circle. She was residing at the Castle of Balm, a little hamlet in the parish of Gunzperg in Argovia, unconscious of impending evil, when the emperor met his death; and she first learnt the fatal news by seeing her castle invested by armed troops, in search of her husband and brother. Her baby, an infant of twelve months old, asleep in its cradle at her foot, was murdered in her presence by the express order of Agnes, Queen of Hungary, Albert's daughter, as the child

of a regicide; and she was commanded, under penalty of instant death, to declare where her husband had found a shelter. Her paroxysms of fright, astonishment, and grief answered for her ignorance of the dreadful catastrophe; and after leaving a strong escort in the castle, and planting another around it to prevent all possibility of his escape if there, the officer sent on this expedition departed. Adelaide of Wartz had ceased to be a mother, and her affections as a wife nestled yet more strongly in her heart: she had no link to bind her to life but that of wife, none to love but her husband. She deceived the vigilance of her guards, at the risk of her life made her way to the royal chateau, and, penetrating into the presence of the widowed Empress Elizabeth and her daughter Agnes, threw herself at their feet imploring the life of her husband. Her prayer was sternly refused; she then begged a mitigation of his sufferings,—that also was denied; to share his prison,—each petition was fiercely rejected; and she was repulsed from the castle to wander around the dungeon which would so soon open to deliver that husband to an ignominious and frightful death. She was present during all the sickening details of his horrible sentence, supporting him through his agonies by the assurance of her unabated attachment, and belief in his innocence; and when the executioner had finished his fatal office, and one by one the silent multitude withdrew as night closed in, she crept under the wheel where he was left to die in lingering torments; the *coup de grace*, or final blow of mercy, by which the sufferings of the victim were usually finished when each limb was broken, having been expressly forbidden. Morning dawned on the miserable pair—Wartz was in the prime of life, of noble athletic form, and though each member was doubly fractured, his vital energy remained. Three nights and three days, without food, without sleep, she watched in the valley of the shadow of death, suffering neither the birds of the air to rest on him by day, nor the beasts of the field by night: wiping from his dying brow the big drops of anguish that burst from every pore. Nature wrestled long with death; on the third evening he grew too faint to thank her for her love, and as the morning of the fourth day dawned, he died. Her earthly task was accomplished: she rose from her knees, and directed her tottering steps to Klingenthal, whose prioress was the baron's sister. How she got there she could not tell: she fainted at the portal, and was carried in as an object of charity, so emaciated by famine, so changed by woe, that the prioress for some time had no recollection of her person."

We have devoted so much space to the nuns of Klingenthal, that we have none left for the other chief historic sketches—"The War of the Two Abbots," and "Bertha, Queen of Transjurane Burgundy." Yet they are well worth perusal. They are graphic, animated, interesting; and, though sometimes overcharged by the author's fertile imagination, generally true. She has drunk largely at the springs of chivalric romance; springs which, though far at a distance, are often muddy enough when nearly examined. She delights in the romantic—sometimes at the sacrifice of probability. At the risk of being charged with scepticism, we must reject the following story of the Countess Ida of Toggenburg, with the ring—

"The story of the ring is singular. She had placed her jewel case on the deep window-sill of the castle, to dry the outside leather, which had contracted damp. It was open, and a favourite hawk or raven, darting down, seized the ring. Fearful of communicating her loss to so stern a lord, she kept it a secret to all but a few chosen domestics, who were authorised to reward any one who might find it. The young page, unhappily not of the confidential party, picked it up at a great distance from the castle, and, showing it to another page, boasted that it was the gift of a lady. The baron heard the vain boast, desired to see the ring, recognized it for the one presented by himself to his wife on their betrothal, rushed into her room, where he found her at the same open window from whence she had lost the ring; and, without a word, threw her down into the woody dell, six hundred feet below! The tardy truth availed not the unhappy youth, whose falsehood caused the ruin of both his lady and himself. Three days afterwards, the innocence of both was made known by the visit of a pedlar, who had seen him pick it up, and had bid a price which the other refused: he came to offer the sum originally demanded. Every search was then made for the countess; but she had, though much bruised, escaped as by a miracle, and withdrawn into a hollow cavern. There she lived four years on wild fruits, birds' eggs, and a little food, from time to time conveyed to her by an aged woman, to whom she communicated her preservation, and whose bounty she repaid by spinning for her in the night. A favourite dog at length discovered her retreat, and the baron went in great pomp to remove her to his castle; but Ida refused to return; and as an atonement for her sufferings, and the death of the page, he allowed her to build a convent, of which she became abbess. The story is well authenticated, and has perhaps served for the basis of many others, founded on the same idea, in after ages."

Amidst the fountains and rivers, the rocks and caves, the ruined castles and monasteries of Helvetia, our authority may yet calculate on riches inexhaustible. Whether the two volumes before us are to be followed by others of a kindred nature, we are not informed—but this, we suspect, if her first, will not prove her last effort. She has a pen formed for popularity. Her book will be read with the interest inseparable from truth—however that truth may be sometimes shaded by the creations, or, at any rate, the embellishments, of fancy. No romance was ever more agreeable than these records of personages who once lived, and once influenced the destinies of Swiss society.

A DAY'S DEER-STALKING WITH THE MARKGRAF OF BADEN.

CHAPTER III.—THE FELDSEER MOUNTAINS—THE DEATH OF THE RED DEER—THE FOREST-MEISTER'S SONG—BLACK COCK SHOOTING—THE ISLANDER DRAINS THE SILVER GORLET.

It was about twelve o'clock as, after a stiff walk of some miles, we neared the summit of the Feldseer mountain, which is one of the wildest and most precipitous in the world.

The prospect was now magnificent in the extreme; from the still solitude of interminable forests—from the land of the mountain and the floating cloud, we gazed down upon the world, which seemed to slumber at our feet, so silent and so still, that we could scarcely realize to ourselves the idea that it was filled with the bustling tide of life. A thin wreath of smoke, faint and feeble as the curl which rises from our havannah of a frosty morning, marked the locality of some sequestered village. In dim and hazy outline rose the towering dome of populous city far away—the patches of cultivated ground in the valley beneath looked like the squares of a chess-board, as they gleamed in the golden light of harvest—forests of gnarled and knotted oak around us, toss their giant arms to the blast. Down in the romantic glen below, the Neckar, stretched out like a great silver serpent, twists his sinuous length along. Above, the tall and stately Reinsensale, whose gigantic granite has baffled the mouldering power of centuries, looms through the mist. Beneath us, lies the "Felsen Meer," or sea of

rocks—a vast avalanche of granite, which, hurled forth by some convulsion of nature, has fallen in rocky avalanche down the mountain's brow. The crumbling remains of ruined feudal castles here and there stand out from the wood's green side—not one amongst them without some wild story of its own. Here, where we are standing, have the echoes of the wild huntsman's horn been heard by some startled rustic, benighted in the mountains, who, spell-bound with terror, has seen the spectre knight, with his phantom train, sweep past upon their unearthly chase. But we could soliloquize for hours, for there is scarcely a spot which is not rife with the wild and legendary lore of Germany. Winding round the base of the mountain, we reached a wide extent of table-land—a wild waste of purple heather, interspersed with thickets of the oak. We had seldom seen a place better adapted by nature for the haunts of the noble quarry we sought; and our conjecture turned out to be well-founded, for we were informed by one of the *chasseurs* that this was the very place where a large herd of deer had been seen upon the previous evening.

Our party was posted, as before, around a thicket, which was beaten in vain. Stretching off then to the left, we reached a wood which was surrounded in a similar manner; and we were placed in a sort of narrow mountain gorge, at the very top of a wooded glen, to the foot of which the beaters descended, and were to advance upwards. Here we lost sight of the markgraf; but our friend, the forest-meister, informed us in a whisper that this time we had got into as good a position as any one else. Lying down, then, flat, behind a cairn, we cocked both barrels, and waited, rather despondingly, on the chances of the "tribe." For about an hour all was silence, and once or twice we had almost fallen asleep. At last, a slight rustling sound; and taking off our cap, we looked up. Gracious heaven! what a sight met our eye! About eighty yards from our ambush, coming quietly from the glen, pausing at intervals to snuff the air (and lucky it was for us we lay to leeward), was a magnificent red deer.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing his branches sturdily."

In an instant our heart was in our mouth. We have, since that moment, experienced a variety of excitements stirring enough in their way—we have felt that awful silence, still as death, when rising in a crowded court, with the ermine and the inscrutable countenance of the judge above us—a stolid and impenetrable jury before, with some trembling wretch in the dock, whose fate and fortunes depended upon the words we were about to utter. We have watched, with a throbbing heart, the foreman return, with the paper in his hand which held the issue of his fate; we have heard the wax-faced clerk of the crown utter, in tones the monotony of which was worst of all—"Gentlemen, are you agreed?"—"answer to your names!"—"what say you?"—is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"—"not guilty—and so say you all!" and with the verdict of acquittal, we have heard, unmoved, comparatively, the cheer which seemed to rend the heavens from the crowd without. By the green-covered tables of Baden, we have stood the hazard of the die, among a crowd as reckless as ourselves; and having, with a quiet eye, seen ourselves cleaned out, we have carelessly tossed our last "louis d'or" on the red, and with calmness watched the result—"Messieurs, faites votre jeu," the cross twirls, the ball spins—calm and unmoved we hear from the inscrutable croupier—"le rouge gagne," as he pushes over to us a handful of gold. We have sought most kinds of excitement, and, with the exception of a run with the "Blazers," have stood the test of them all; but we do not recollect ever having been so profoundly stirred—ever having experienced the almost agonizing sensations of that moment. Our heart leaped—our brain was in a whirl—the very light left our eyes—every pulse throbbled with such wild excitement, that it was a mercy the rifle did not go off by accident. Still, however, as death we continued to lie, holding our breath hard, while on came the stately creature. Aware that the reputation of our country was at stake, by a desperate effort we recovered ourselves, and leaning the rifle on a rock which projected from one side of the cairn, we slowly brought the sight to bear upon the stag. Now came the anxious moment. He was standing perfectly motionless, with a curl of proud disdain on his nostrils as we slowly covered him just behind the right shoulder. Alarmed by some slight noise, he moved on. He was within fifty yards of us. "Now or never!" we thought. Our finger touched the trigger; it seemed stiff—we pulled; "donner and blitzen!" it stirred not; we had forgotten, it appeared, to cock our right barrel; to do so now was impossible; the click would have sent off the stag like the wind. We looked in despair at the left barrel; the hammer of it was certainly drawn further back. Not an instant was to be lost. We touched the trigger; a flash, a crack, a thud!—that sound which is always heard when a deer is smitten; and down went the stately animal, with an ounce of lead in his heart. With a mad hurra that woke all the echoes, we leaped from our ambush, and there, with his life blood crimson upon the green sward, lay the magnificent deer—

"O'er him we bent our falcon eye,
And grimly smiled to see him die."

There with one of his spreading antlers fastened, by the force of the fall, into the earth, lay the "King of the Wilderness," pitching in the convulsions of death, and his bright eye, as we thought, turned a melancholy look of reproach upon us, as the film of death closed over it. Aye, never more, free as air, shall you roam through the boundless solitudes of your forest home—never more at eve shall you drink of the clear fountain, trembling in the moonlight—never more shall you dash in silvery spray the dew-drops from the heather; your eye has lost the flash of freedom—your foot its mountain fleetness. Touched by compunctious visitings such as these, we gazed on the noble creature, until, at length, we consoled ourselves with the thought, that had he escaped our rifle, he would have been killed by somebody else.

We were roused from our reverie by the return of our companions—

"Ha!" said the markgraf, as he came puffing up the steep ascent—"ein hirsch! Herr Irlander, sic haben recht gut geschossen."

We bowed our acknowledgments for the royal compliment, and then looked on with some curiosity, while the jagers proceeded to do their part of the work. They first took out that part of the skull from whence the antlers spring, and they afterwards carried on a variety of surgical operations, with which it is not necessary to trouble our readers.

We were congratulated upon all sides, at this display of our skill, and somewhat flushed with the triumph of our success, we partook of the delicious banquet which was spread upon the mountain's breezy side, with an appetite and a zest which it is impossible for any one who has not shot a hirsch in the Odenwald, and that too in the company of a prince, at all either to understand or to appreciate.

Our somewhat desultory course of reading served us in good stead upon this occasion; for we recollected perfectly having somewhere seen, that if a deer is not hit in some vital place, he invariably carries off the ball, and escapes. It is therefore absolutely necessary, either to aim at the head or the heart; and the

is an authentic instance upon record, of one who although having been thus struck, survived for many years afterwards. It is copied from the "Edinburgh Medical Journal," and is as follows:—

"A buck that was in remarkably healthy condition, was killed in Bradbury Park, in August, 1815, and on opening him, it was discovered, that at some distant time he had been shot in the heart; a ball being found in a cyst, in the substance of that viscous, about two inches from the apex. The surface of the cyst had a whitish appearance. The ball weighs two hundred and ninety-two grains, and was quite flat. Mr. Richardson, the park-keeper, who opened the animal, is of opinion, the ball had struck some hard substance, before entering the body of the deer."

After an interval of some hours' rest, we stretched away to the hills which lay between us and the castle, and at the next "trieb," the markgraf killed another deer, but his antlers were not half the size of those of our stag of ten; and the forst-meister shot a couple of roebuck. We, however, thought it prudent, having fully established our reputation, not to hazard it by another chance, and under the guidance of one of the chasseurs, went off to a thicket, at a considerable distance, where we enjoyed an hour or two's splendid sport, shooting blackcock, and we had all the fun to ourselves. Walking quietly down the "opens" cut for the purpose through the copse—the keeper beat the bushes—and truly we never saw a greater abundance or variety of game; hares came out in troops, and we occasionally knocked one over, the black game, however, chiefly occupied our attention; but whirr! kicked up at our very foot, rose from a stunted pine tree, a bird as big as a turkey-cock. As we brought our double-barrel to that level which seldom errs, our elbow was touched by the keeper.

"Nicht," said he; but the warning came too late; for, pierced and shattered by twenty pellets, with a shower of feathers floating away upon the sunny air, down dropped the goodly bird like lead upon the earth; and we for the first time beheld an auerhahn, or cock of the wood;* a bird peculiar to the forests of the north, and which is specially preserved, as the chasseur informed us, for the amusement of royal sportsmen.

We could not for the life of us resist the shot; nor, reader, if you are a sportsman, we venture to assert, could you.

On we went in our career of destruction, elated by the confidence which success inspires—black-cock and partridge dropped right and left before us. And well, John Rigby, upon that glorious day, did thy fine brown barrels sustain their ancient fame—we only wish you had been there to see—never did they glance from our shoulder; never was heard that click, to sportsman's ear the sweetest music, but death, unerring and instantaneous, followed. By the time we had rejoined our party, the keeper had such a load of game as he never had carried before.

As we passed on our homeward way, up in the very centre of a stately oak we espied a curious looking sort of little habitation, constructed of wood, and capable of holding a good-sized German with a little compression; there was a ladder attached to it from the ground.

"What's that?" we inquired of the forst-meister.

"That," said he, "is a place where we lie in wait for the stag, when he comes at evening to drink at the little lake immediately beside it; that is a sure card if you have no objection to remain out all night."

The shades of evening were now rapidly beginning to fall over the sylvan landscape, and at length it grew so dark that we had some difficulty in following each other down the precipitous mountain path, which conducted us through the forest towards home, and in the course of our descent one of the party got a very ugly fall.

"The moon will be up in about another hour," said the forst-meister, "and I think it would not be a bad plan for us to stop at the next resting-place we come to, otherwise some of us will certainly break our necks."

"I have no objection in the world," replied the markgraf; "but I am uncommonly hungry."

"Your highness will find supper ready to be served the very instant we reach the castle: and I fear if we go on down this path in the dark, there will not be quite so large a party to eat it."

This suggestion had the desired effect, and the whole party came to an anchor in a quiet little nook, with rustic seats, immediately below where we stood.

Most of us being thoroughly tired, the rest was very refreshing, and for some time nothing was heard save the occasional tinkle of a flint, or the puff of a match, as now and then a chasseur or baron occupied himself in lighting his pipe, and we saw little save the faint outline of each other's swarthy faces, as they were lit up by the hazy light which flickered about the bowl.

"Baron," said the markgraf, "addressing the forst-meister, "can you hit off nothing, 'pour passer le temps,' until this lingering moon chooses to rise?"

"There is a story, gnadige Herr, connected with the very spot upon which we are now sitting."

"Is it that of the enchanted stag?"

"The same, your highness. I fear I have told it you before."

"Twenty times, at least," replied the markgraf, somewhat rudely; "but you can give us a song; you have some capital hunting songs."

"If your highness commands it, I will do my best," replied the forst-meister; "but my voice is somewhat hoarse with shouting."

THE FORST-MEISTER'S SONG.

"Long life to all that is green on earth,

I love, how I love that hue,

The green! for the forests wear it

And the joyous hunters, too.

"How merry it is on the mountain steep,

While the stormy clouds ride past,

To hark to the stag-hound's music deep,

And the thrill of the bugle's blast.

"To the monarch I leave his golden crown,

And his regal robe of pride;

The throne for me is the old oak tree!

My home is the wild wood's side.

"His purple robe in his kingly hall

May gleam with a royal sheen,

* "Auer-hahn, literally silly cock, is a German epithet of reproach bestowed upon the lover who is fool enough to devote all his faculties to the fair object of his affections; and the appellation has been bestowed upon the capercaillie, or wood-grouse, in consequence of a similar weakness upon his part. These birds can seldom be surprised by the sportsman, except in the season of love, when it sees nothing and hears nothing. The wood-grouse is about the size of a turkey, and has four feet of alar extent. Its plumage is of a fine glossy black, of a greenish hue about the breast, and with white feathers on either side of the tail. It inhabits lofty mountains and pine forests, or plantations of juniper, on the berries of which it feeds. It is most abundant in Russia, Norway, and Sweden, and is also to be found in Westphalia, the Pyrenees, and the Mountains of Savoy. The breed was once in existence in the forests north of Loch Ness, in Scotland, and also in Ireland."—Buffon, vol. xi.

For me to wear, 'twere not so fair
As mine own gay forest green.

"Then when the breath of morn hath play'd,
And its freshened breeze blows free,
Oh come, sweet love, thro' the woods green shade,
To a hunter's home with me.

"And I'll rear for thee, sweet, a summer bower,
Where the blushing roses spring;
Around that bower shall each wild flower
Its dew-gemmed fragrance fling.

"Deep, deep beneath us 'the tide of life,'
Far off in yon village grey,
As in converse sweet I lie at thy feet,
Shall roll on its ceaseless way.

Thus roaming on thro' this world with thee,
Where the old oak forests wave,
In the wild wood's shade shall our home be made—
On its sunny slopes—our grave!"

As the rich mellow tones of the jolly old forst-meister's voice died away upon the evening air, up rose from the feathery edge of the forest the yellow harvest moon, and rising from our resting place, we proceeded on our way. "Now," said the markgraf in a low voice, "I suppose this is our last chance;" as having reached the mountain's foot we came to a large open meadow, surmounted on every side by wood, and full of little springs which sparkled like silver in the moonlight.

"Yes, gnadige Herr," replied the forst-meister, "it was here you shot the largest stag, that was ever killed in these forests."

Separating from each other, our party took up their posts in silence, scattered at intervals through the outskirts of the wood.

The forst-meister taking us by the elbow, glided silently behind an old oak. "Now," said he, "Herr Irlander, try your luck once more," and having left us he disappeared in the darkness.

A long low whistle was heard through the forest, and after a short interval, from the side of the mountain we had just descended, floated the wild and musical belling of a stag. It had scarcely ceased, when from a bush a short distance behind us, issued a similar sound, somewhat hoarser, however, in its tones, but wild and unearthly enough to start us exceedingly. We took a long and steady look, but seeing nothing, the thought instantly occurred to us that to fire 'slap' into the bush would be the very best thing that we could do.

This, however, required some deliberation—if we fired and missed, we would draw down upon us the execrations of the whole party, for the noise would infallibly frighten away any deer that was coming in our direction. We made up our mind, therefore, to approach a little nearer, and take our chance of a shot, when the stag which we had no doubt whatever lay there, should rise; and well for us it was, we had sense enough to come to this conclusion; advancing slowly and silently towards the tree, with our rifle at full cock, when we came within a few paces, we took up a small stone and flung it right among the branches.

"Teufel!" muttered a hoarse voice; "was ist das?" and a tall form raised itself darkly from among the branches.

Reader, conceive if you can, our horror, when we found it was the forst-meister himself.

"Forst-meister," said we, "you never were nearer being shot in your life—we took you for a stag."

"The devil you did," growled the forst-meister. "Go back again, and don't fire at a sound; if you do, you may shoot the markgraf himself, as likely as one of his deer, and then you'll lose your head."

We returned in some confusion to our hiding place, pondered with considerable apprehension upon how awfully near we were committing a murder, and musing upon what would have been the consequence thereof.

Hardly had we regained our position, when the voice of the stag again rang from the mountain, and this time it was much nearer, he was evidently coming towards us. After a few minutes again it was answered from behind, and from the opposite side of the meadow a similar sound was heard, and so perfect was the imitation, that it was almost impossible to distinguish the human voice from that of the deer.

We heard nothing more until from the wood that skirted the further extremity of the meadow, again rang forth the voice of the stag, who was evidently close at hand.

Now comes the tug of war! thought we; a low feeble moaning wail like the voice of a wounded doe, floated from the bush behind us.

Forth into the moonshine, which lay in a flood of silvery light upon the meadow, glided a splendid stag, so silently and so stealthily that we could have imagined him a spectre. He stood for a few moments gazing around; another low 'bell' and out from the gloom of the thicket one by one emerged the whole herd of deer. The moment was too spirit-stirring to allow us to pause to count them, but there could not have been less than twenty. Silently they glided like phantoms through the centre of the meadow—so silently, that we could scarcely hear their feet fall on the grass.

"B'yr Lady! a goodly herd; some of them at all events will never leave that sward alive!"

And as we slowly brought up our rifles to the level, not a nerve or a fibre shook, our hand was as steady and our nerves as cool as if we were shooting snipes on the Bog of Allen. Slowly and steadily we covered the monarch of the waste just below the roof of his antlers. We saw his head so distinctly in the clear moonlight, that we could almost distinguish the sparkle of his eye. On he came; he was not thirty yards from where we stood; in another minute "the blue pill" will be in his brain, when, just as our fore finger touched the trigger, crack went a rifle about twenty paces to our left, down went the leader of the troop upon his knees. From our very lips was the goblet snatched;

"Whose carbine rang,
Whose bullet through the night air sang."

but by what hand was it more fitting that the royal animal should meet his fate!—for the 'king of the wilderness' had fallen by the rifle of the prince.

Off flew the startled herd in every direction; and crack!—flash!—crack from every side rang the rifles of the sportsmen; anon a careless herd, full of the pasture, jumped along by us—hurrah! he has it!—he's down—no mistake this time!—Herr Bauerliend's 'kugel' is in his vitals. A flash from the bush behind us—crack, crack!—and another rolled on the ground, felled by the double barrel of the steady old forst-meister. Such blazing we had never seen before, but the result was not so fatal as we had expected, for upon mustering to count the slain, only four deer, including the stag, lay upon the ground.

By the time we had reached the courtyard of the castle, we found that, by some mysterious process, the game had arrived before us; and it was truly a goodly sight to behold the spoils of that day's chase; two splendid stags, four deer, twelve brace of black game, two roebuck, partridge innumerable, and twenty four hares—the 'capercalzie' had judiciously been suppressed—were the proceeds of our day's work.

The evening banquet, which we enjoyed with that keen relish which sportsmen alone can know, being over, and the markgraf having retired—

"Now," said the forst-meister, "Bring das grosses glass."

And a servant placed a large goblet, big enough to contain three bottles of wine, upon the table. While we admired its beauty, for it was of amber glass, ornamented with crimson and gold pointing, we were lost in astonishment at its capacious size.

"Herr Irlander," said the forst-meister, "it is the custom of this castle for every one who, for the first time, has shot a stag in these forests to drain that cup."

"Gott bewahr!" said we piously; "es ist unmöglich."

"Nonsense," replied the forst-meister; "der Herr James von Heidelberg, who is also an Irlander, insisted upon the right, because he shot at a stag, although he missed him, and drained it at a draught. But," added he, "I suppose we must let you off with the small one;" and a goblet of chased silver, of curious workmanship, was brought from the sideboard.

"How much does this hold?" we inquired.

"Nur ein flaschen," replied the forst-meister. "What wine would you like?"

"Burgundy," we replied, in desperation.

The cup was filled, and for the credit of Old Ireland, we raised it to our lips—and set it down empty.

The effect was not instantaneous, for we have some hazy recollection of making an attempt to sing, which was not successful; but of the events of that evening we remember nothing more distinctly; we have not the slightest recollection how we got to bed; but of this there is no doubt, that upon the following morning we found ourselves there, with our boots on, and with a splitting headache into the bargain.

That day there was no 'jagd,' and on the following one we took our departure by the steamer, having received the most cordial invitation to repeat our visit. We had evidently won the forst-meister's heart by our shooting.

"Herr Irlander," said he, as he bade us adieu, "you have a hard head and a steady hand; come back soon, and you shall shoot another 'hirsch!'"

With a graceful farewell, the blue-eyed franklin presented us with a rose—"Don't forget," she said, "to tell them in Ireland that you shot a hirsch."

The sun shone gloriously, the river sparkled, the forest wore its darkest green, as we stepped on the deck of the little steamer. No scene ever looked more beautiful, and we parted from our hospitable friends with extreme regret.

As we passed beneath the castle from an open window in the old grey tower a white handkerchief fluttered in the breeze, and a fair hand waved an adieu; a sudden turn in the river, and the whole was out of sight. Well, thought we, after all it would be more agreeable living in that old castle than trudging about the Hall of the Four Courts. We wonder would the forst-meister take us for a son-in-law.

Reader! it is possible in your many journeyings over land and sea, some chance may lead your wandering steps to this romantic glade, where, herding high above the silver Neckar, frowns from the hoar oak forest the royal Schloss of Swingenberg, pause and visit it, and we pledge ourselves that your time shall not have been spent in vain; for unequalled are the rare beauties of that sylvan scene. You will find the old forst-meister right 'freundlich.' The snow fall of time may have made his hair a little whiter, and age may have bent the firmness of his tread since we saw him last, but he had twenty good years in him then; and we cannot bear to realize to ourselves the idea that we shall not have another shake of his hand yet. Tell him the Irlander, who shot the 'hirsch' in the glen below the Riesensauke, and drained the silver goblet afterwards, sent you, and we stake our existence, you will be welcome; if he is not glad to see you, it is possible the blue-eyed franklin may. At all events, you will be glad to have it to say you have seen her. Go over the old castle, for it is one of the sights of Germany; visit the markgraf's chamber; see the horns of the elk, and various trophies of the chase, which adorn its walls; but while your attention is attracted by the quaint old tapestry, and the gorgeous hangings of velvet and satin—while you marvel at the rich oak carving, and are lost in wonder at the ponderous swords, and guns, and bows, once borne by knights and princes, and which no men in these degenerate days could wield—while gazing curiously upon the old suits of chain mail, and the bright steel armour inlaid with gold—forget not, we pray you, as you go through the noble feudal hall, to pause opposite that old stone lion, who, 'though fashioned by long-forgotten hands,' stands there in his stern and hoary grandeur still; and above him, over against the wall, you will see a goodly pair of antlers once worn by a stag of ten; and on the black escutcheon which hangs beneath, if you can read what is there inscribed, you will see that it records the story of his death, and of our fame—Am Donnerstag dem 14ten Octobere wurde dieser Hirsch geschossen, in dem Odenwald von Herr —, advocat von Irland, hoch wohlgeborn und hochgelehrt;—and then, perchance if you are a solitary wanderer in that distant country, you will remember how your spirit was stirred within you—how the bright eyes which we doubt not are beaming around you now, grew brighter, as upon some quiet evening in 'the leafy month of June,' when the toils of the busy day were over, you read from the pages of our glorious Maga to the delighted household—this our history.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON!

Social Influences; or Villiers. 3 vols. Newby.

This is the book of the season—the book for *Punch* to quote, and *Titmarsh* to review with his "sad and civil" gravity—the new "Story without an End" par excellence;—the incomparable Bouquet of "flowers of style!" When Mr. Disraeli the Younger indulged his fancy in 'Alroy,' he did not dream that 'Social Influences' were to out-do his lyrical prose. When Mr. Dickens made a single sentence of the word "sometimes," and printed the crack of a postilion's whip, he did not foresee—who could have foreseen!—how far the dramatic artifice was susceptible of employment when such a master-spirit as the author of 'Villiers' should adopt it. We must entreat the reader to believe that the following are *bona fide* extracts—taken, moreover, at random. Here is a personal description!—

"Emile cantered through *devoir* to Shetly. Both the Colonel and Miss Evrett were in, and severally courteous and cordial. In reverting, he had to cogitate whether the dormant enmity betwixt the families should interdict the acquaint-

* Upon the 14th of October, 1840, this stag was shot in the Odenwald, by Herr —, a most learned advocate from Ireland."

ance; some spring he could not then investigate opposed its forfeiture; yet he shrank from its avowal. Balancing the *pros* and *cons*, as though of infinitesimal value, his *tristitions* (!) were signally disarranged by an antiquated woman (and cloak, which might have flourished at the flood) crouching in the dyke. Amidst her eyes' lack-lustre, he could note the trace of recent, and the redness of long-protracted, fretting. Commiseration implicated, he queried her business in that trying location. It might have been the tone which attracted an upward glance—precipitately reshrouded beneath the diluvian over-all, with an indistinct jabbler in a tongue now felicitously apocryphal."

Here we have a meditation!!—

"We tread on graves: each foot of literal ground whereon we step has its own hidden history: how beautiful soever above, however consecrate, however thronged—beneath, it boasts the epitaph of some burst heart, some groan in fine wrung by starvation from the manliest, some pauper-joy tombed undeservedly, the outpouring of the spiritual veins of some ensnared and sacrificed—or the last lash of oppression upon some proud but powerless—bastard of God (sure not an heir!) whose ghosts still haunt their wonted place of woe, invisible but to mortal eyes."

Here is a snatch of dialogue!!!—

"You feel for me," he cried, doubly passionate—"There's a tear! Must I trace it from that benevolence susceptible to the veriest stranger's hap? Or oh! (you speak not!) oh, Grace, will I deceive myself in joining it to a deeper but not less blissful? A word! a word! I'm unequal to suspense. Speak, I pray—I conjure you!—a word! to bring every hope into being, or blast them all together!" The tear had not entirely trickled off; her confusion was scarce inferior to his; that, perhaps, hindered from articulation: but he, interpreting otherwise, prematurely concluded. "It's enough"—with a proud secretion of agony—"enough! I should be content—thankful for even your sympathy, and teach my too-forward aspirings to stop there. But I fancied you meant not always so—let that extenuate this intrusion, and the lesson shall be respected henceforth. Nay, speak not now! I would not distress you for formal declaration; I'd spare what yourself should experience in having to inflict pain. And I'll molest you no more—my depression shall not impede your joys. I see you for the last! oh, Miss Evrett—" he broke down totally; then rallying, "the last! Farewell! May blessings, only, be about you! Farewell again! Farewell for ever!" And releasing the hand he had frantically grasped—which, by the way, submitted itself with a nearly religious resignation—the door-button had part accomplished one of the most trying revolutions to which it had ever been subjected, ere her voice transixed him. "Mr. Villiers, she again pronounced; and it did transfix. * * * Mr. Villiers, let me entreat you to be calm. Should you retire unreprieved, it will be with the impression that I've trifled—and yet how can I express myself! This, at least," said she, in exertion to smile it off, "is not fit council-room. You'll allow me opportunity of speaking ere you quit Shetly—and so, a kind good-night!" And she approached him with extended hand and a look, where everything lovable beamed forth with such winningness, that, had Villiers been in any other mood, it's not quite impossible (no! not quite!) to imagine what he might have done. But he connected it all with the contract: confounded be those contracts! "It needs not," he cried—his visuals nailed mournfully to the floor—"I exonerate you. Oh, it was my own insanity! To dream of gaining a heart whose deserts are beyond all which one, frail and erring as mine has been, could offer! And yet, in other dreams, I have painted, to what firmness might that frailty be encouraged—what altitudes that erringness be steered in! But, no more! My own blindness may have appropriated what it is your gentle nature to bestow on many. Farewell! 'twere profitless to retard me. Yet I'd hear your voice again—once! and all's over!"

And the following is a *tasting* from the catastrophe!!!!—

"Darkness was in the house—and in the heart—of Villiers. Darkness of the deepest. Within and without.—A tremendous presence—that of a palpable black Void—grew noiselessly into creation. It amplified the apartment. With still swell it stretched the walls before it. Enormous solitude of gloom heaved round the sturless, breathless brooder. Unpausingly it expanded: unlimitedly increased. It blended with—it spread into—space: and made the World. Within and without. Visible, tangible, material. Within and without. Uninterrupted, unspent.—Within and without. Indestructible.—Darkness. The swallower-up of Time:—durationless, then—dateless: omnipresent—minute. And so he looked on it, dully wondering, inertly noticing, nascently conscious: at darkness, unshaped and empty: at the deep, on whose face a Spirit moved. Light! Faint—like bare reflex of faintest scintilla—it struck upon a dense multitude of heads, severally indistinguishable in their dimness. Fuller, but faint still, it focussed roundly on a Scene beyond. There, showed M—: pining in gyves and darkness, even ere decided guilty, for the sole alleged crime of desiring his brother's restoration to that state of mutual freedom in which they came from their Creator's hand! The actor shifted. But the stage out stood, with that innumerable dim group—which most resembled a Monster-Chorus to the Final Drama of a Sphere."

Gentlemen of the emphatic and convulsive school, what say you to your disciple! His book is among novels what Mr. Chadwick's *Oratorio* is among poems. We need add no more.

ELINOR TRAVIS.

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS.
CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It is now forty years since I found myself, for the first time in my life, in the once fashionable city of Bath. I had accompanied thither from London a dear friend from whom I had parted two years before at Oxford; a man as noble as ingenuous, as gentle as he was brave. Few men could boast the advantages enjoyed by Rupert Sinclair. Born of noble blood, of a family whose peerage had been raised upon a foundation of a huge wealth, handsome in person, intellectual, well-informed, enthusiastic and aspiring, he bred a fascination around his existence which it was difficult to resist. I had already graduated when Rupert Sinclair entered Christ Church as a gentleman commoner; I was, moreover, his senior by five years, yet from the moment I saw him until the hour of his decease—with one painful interregnum—we were firm and unflinching friends. He was sent to the university, like others of his rank, to acquire such knowledge of men and books as a temporary residence—and that alone—in an atmosphere of mingled learning and frivolity, is generally supposed to impart. His father looked upon all book knowledge as superfluous, except in a parson or a schoolmaster; his lady mother would have been shocked to find him, whether at Oxford or elsewhere, anything but the gay and fashionable nonentity which her taste and experience had taught her to regard as the perfection of God's fair creation. Lord Railton was a courtier, and affected to be a politician; her ladyship was a woman of fashion. It is surprising to me that, with their views of a nobleman's duties at Oxford, they should have thought it necessary to procure for their son

the services of one who had nothing better to offer for his amusement, than the poor learning he had picked up at Eton and elsewhere, to dole out again to the best advantage, for the support of himself and widowed mother. I ought rather to say it was surprising to me *then*. I have grown wiser since. A tutor was necessary to the position of Lord Railton's son, and it was my happiness to be chosen the instructor of Rupert Sinclair. Every possible pains had been taken to ruin the intellect and impair the moral faculties of the youth. His earliest teachers had been strictly enjoined to give him no tasks which should subject him to the slightest inconvenience, and were forbidden, under pain of dismissal, to ruffle the serenity of his temper, or intercept the slightest movement of his mind, however cross or wayward. Rupert in his very cradle had been taught, both by precept and example, that his equals in rank were his fellow creatures, and that all below him were—creatures, it is true, but the fellows of one another, and not such as he; that the men to whose virtue, discretion, and conduct he was confided—his *TEACHERS*—were—oh, mockery of mockeries!—his dependants and inferiors, and necessary to him as his nurse or foot, but not a whit more so! Lord Railton was a tyrant, self-willed and imperious by nature, and as cold-blooded and selfish as a superadded aristocratic education could render him. He saw little of his children, whom he terrified when he did see them, and busied himself in this world with little more than the intrigues and plots of the political jumbo to whom he was bound by a community of interests, rather than affectionately attached. It is my firm belief that miracles have not ceased upon the earth. Invisible angels interpose now, as did the living saints of old, to repair the faults and infirmities of nature, and by a suspension of our ordinary laws to proclaim the might and mercy of the Divinity. How but by a miracle could the character of Rupert Sinclair have belied the natural reasoning of all ordinary mortals, exhibiting the utter annihilation of the intimate connexion of cause and effect, and the independence of the infant soul, when God so wills it, of the machinations of the wicked, and the vicious trifling of the foolish! The good sense of the youth had strengthened and increased under the enervating system which would have destroyed a weaker brain and a less honest heart. I was the tutor of Sinclair, but I suffered him to sketch out his own plan of study. His mother had not failed to forward me the usual instructions respecting the treatment of her darling child; but had she been silent I should not have insisted upon a strict adherence to the college system with one who, neither in the university nor in the world, to which he was about to be summoned, would be tasked to remember or repeat one syllable of his lessons. Great is the temptation to dwell upon these early days of our attachment; for, alas! a pang must wait upon the pen when it traces the last record of a period unclouded by grief. An account of the earliest springtime that promised so fair a summer and harvest, is, it is true, not necessary to the main plot of the drama I have undertaken to write; but one of its chief characters can hardly be thoroughly understood without some reference to his conduct and pursuits previously to the commencement of the action. To say that I was prepossessed in favour of my pupil after my first conversation with him, is to say but little. I was at once surprised, delighted, and charmed. I had expected to receive a spoiled child of fortune; a giddy, self-willed, arrogant, and overbearing boy. I met with one whose demeanour was gentle, modest, and sedate. A child-like simplicity governed his manners; reflection and sound judgment his discourse. Long before the close of my young friend's academical career I had gained his entire confidence—he my heart; and at the close of it, I had not occasion to change one opinion or one sentiment entertained for my charge at the commencement of our friendship; so transparent are the minds of the ingenuous, and of those whom nature shelters from the baleful influences of life. It must, however, be stated, that in the all but perfect specimen of humanity presented to the world in the person of Rupert Sinclair, there existed one flaw to convict it of mortality, and to establish its relation with universal error. The simplicity spoken of as characteristic of the man, degenerated into weakness; faith in the goodness of his fellow-creatures into glaring credulity. It is a singular fact, and one that must be accounted for by those who have made the *Mind* an especial study, that whilst no man was quicker in detecting the slightest indication of his own imperfection in another, no one could be less conscious of its existence in himself, or less alive to imposition, the moment it was practised under his own eye, and against his own good-nature. How many times, during his residence in Oxford, Rupert Sinclair became the victim of the unprincipled and the sharper, I will not venture to say, prepared as I am to assert that no discovery of falsehood and imposture ever convinced him of the folly of his benevolence, or of the worthlessness of the objects upon whom his favours had been showered. The world is said to be divided into two classes; into those who suspect all men until they are proved honest, and those who believe all men honest until they are proved to be false. The name of Rupert Sinclair might be written in neither category. He not only believed the world to be good prior to experience, but he denied it to be bad, let experience succeed as it might in convicting it of evil.

It was exactly two years after Sinclair quitted Oxford, that I received a letter from him, requesting me to meet him in London as soon after the receipt of his letter as my engagements would permit. The long vacation had again commenced. Rupert was no longer a student, or, to speak more correctly, books had become the solace of his leisure hours, rather than the business of his life. To please his fond and ever foolish mother, he had accepted a commission in the Guards. The small ambition of Lady Railton was consummated the moment her noble boy appeared in her drawing-room "en grande tenue;" as for the peer, he was too absorbed in his own diplomacy to interfere with that of her ladyship, in whose knowledge of the world and sound discretion he placed unbounded faith. I attended to the summons of Sinclair without delay. Upon arriving in London I went to his hotel, and found him recovering from a fit of illness which at one period had threatened his life, but of which he had as yet kept his family in ignorance. He had been recommended by his family physicians to try the waters and mild temperature of Bath; and he was willing to obey them, provided I would become his companion. My time was my own, and I loved Sinclair too well to throw an obstacle in his way, had not the offer itself been temptation enough to one who had passed so many months of physical inactivity, without one holiday, in the dusty gloominess of college rooms. In the course of two days our preparations were made, and we quitted London.

A week glided by in happy idleness. The invalid, compelled to keep his room for many hours in the day, was thrown upon his resources, and upon such as I could command for his amusement. The past is always a pleasant subject of discourse where the speakers are young, and the past is a day of sunshine, still lingering and warm. The days we had seen were bright enough, and to speak of them was to bring them back in all their recent freshness. Rupert was twenty-one, and he wondered at the ingratitude of man that called this world a scene of strife and misery. I was twenty-six, and as yet without a calamity. I had never known my father; and had maintained my mother in comfort for many years.—I had yet to part with her.

Another week, and the invalid was convalescent. The walks were extended

and the prescriptions torn up. Invitations came and were accepted. A distant relative of Lady Railton was in Bath. Sinclair visited her, and was the next day a guest at her table. There was another guest there. Her name was Elinor Travis.

Twenty times, on the day I speak of, had Sinclair resolved not to keep his engagement, but to send an apology to Mrs. Twisleton, and to return to London on the following morning. He had become tired, he said, of idleness, and the frivolities that surrounded us. One word of encouragement from me, and Sinclair would *not* have dined with Mrs. Twisleton, would *not* have met with her who gave the colouring to his future life, would *not* have blasted every—but I must not anticipate.

General Travis and his family were among the most fashionable of the gay multitude then resident at Bath. They lived in first-rate style, and gathered about them all who aspired to a position in that upper world peopled pre-eminently by the "ton." The general was reputed a man of enormous wealth, and his banker's book procured for him the respect that was denied him in Debreit. The general was the father of two children—daughters—Elinor and Adela.—His wife was also living. They were all, according to report, essentially dashing people. So much I knew of them at the period of Sinclair's first acquaintance with the ill-fated Elinor.

After dining with Mrs. Twisleton, Sinclair altered his mind. His departure was delayed. Within a day or two he was again invited to Mrs. Twisleton's, and again met the general and his family. Well, there was nothing to excite suspicion in all this! Sinclair said nothing; no observation escaped me. I concluded that a few days would put an end to the new interest that had been raised, and that we should return to London as quietly as we had left it. I was grievously mistaken.

Since our arrival in Bath we had been early risers, and our habits generally somewhat primitive. Suddenly Sinclair took it into his head to walk without me for an hour or so before breakfast. He invariably looked flushed and confused on his return. At least I thought so. I was puzzled, but still I said nothing.

I had been favoured by Mrs. Twisleton with one or two invitations to dinner, but had never cared to accept them. I resolved, should opportunity again offer, to accompany Sinclair to this lady's house. Whilst waiting, somewhat impatiently and in vain, for another invitation from Mrs. Twisleton, a grand ball was announced at General Travis's, and Sinclair was in the number of the favoured guests. He was requested to bring his friend. "His friend" did not refuse.

There were in truth grandeur, profusion, and style sufficient in the entertainments of that evening. No additional outlay could have added to the sumptuous provision that was made for the gratification and delight of every sense. Eye and ear were ravished by the luxuries set before them, and the grosser appetites were not forgotten. What Indian wealth! What princely hospitality! Well might the general be esteemed the most royal of entertainers. Nobility lost none of its prerogative in mixing in such a scene as this, upon which an emperor might have descended with no dishonour to his ermine. I experienced for a time the full power of the enchantment, and acknowledged, against my will, the sovereign dominion of Mammon. I was presented to my hostess and the general. The former was a woman of fifty or thereabouts, delicately formed, pale, and somewhat sickly-looking; there were traces of feminine beauty on her countenance, but, such as they were, retreating rapidly before disease or care, or some ailment hidden from the looker-on. She seemed more like a gentle handmaiden than the mistress of the happy feast. The general was another race of beings. He stood six feet two, but his extreme height was modified by the admirable proportions of his frame. He was firmly built, and but for a perfect unsatisfactory expression in his countenance, might have been considered one of the handsomest men of his day. This expression it is not easy to describe. It proceeded from his eye, and seemed to communicate with all his features, leaving the stamp of low cunning upon every one. The eye was large and grey, and very restless; always in motion; always attempting to convey more than the inner man would answer for, or the observer take for granted. It had a volubility of expression like his tongue, and both bespoke their owner no efficient actor.

"You look magnificent to-night," said Sinclair, addressing the general after my introduction.

"So, so, with slender opportunities!" said the general. "See us in London, my young friend. No place in the world like London for the exercise of a man's genius—a woman's it should be said, to-night, for Elinor is the presiding genius here. Have you ever seen these flowers? Pretty, eh? Her handiwork."

Sinclair trifled a moment with an exquisite specimen of artificial flowers, adorning an alabaster vase; but he gave no answer.

"Have you seen her to-night?" continued the general.

"Not yet."

"She's with the Indian Yahoo, no doubt. He arrived this afternoon, and she will give him no rest. She has engaged him for the first four quadrilles, that she may hear the natural history of the Chimpanzee without interruption, which her cousin has promised to relate to her at the first convenient opportunity."

"Her cousin has arrived then?" asked Sinclair, turning slightly pale.

"This very day. Our information is quite correct. His mother, the Begum, is dead, and has left him enough in jewels to purchase an empire. The specie found in chests is immense. A lucky dog, with that brown face of his! If it were as black as soot, he might command a duchess. Elinor and he are first cousins, and are much attached, although they haven't seen each other for years."

As the general spoke, music struck up, and a movement in our immediate neighbourhood announced the approach of dancers. Amongst them was a young and lovely woman. Her arm was in that of a small man, with a copper-coloured face and disgusting features. His beautiful partner, more beautiful by the contrast, looked proud of her prize, which, if I correctly interpreted the admiring gaze of the assembly, was coveted for one reason or another by every dowager and unmarried woman in the room. I felt an instinctive longing to smother the Yahoo.

A luxuriously lovely looked Elinor Travis, as she gracefully led off the merry dance. She had reached her twentieth year, and was in the full glory of her womanhood. Tall, yet exquisitely moulded, she left nothing for fancy to desire or imagination to create. Her dark and animated eye sparkled with living joy, and her perfect features were illuminated by its fire. I had never before beheld a creature so richly endowed with natural gifts; one who united in her person so much grace, sculpture, and expression; and yet, strange to say, the feeling all inspired was the very opposite to that which might have been expected. The consciousness of beauty was too definitely written upon that brow. That melting eye had inherited too much of the worldliness that played about the

eager vision of her sire. Maidenly modesty and retirement were wanting to elevate and dignify mere voluptuousness. I was repulsed rather than attracted by a form, which had been more feminine, might have served for an angel; and as it was, was not sufficiently divine for a mortal woman. Such was my first impression, formed almost upon the instant. It never was removed.

Sinclair and I looked on. The spirits of Elinor were exuberant. She laboured, as it seemed, under more than ordinary excitement. She laughed and chatted with her tawny partner with a delight which it was impossible for such a copper monster to create. The gaiety of the lady had but one effect upon her partner. At short intervals he opened his jaws and exhibited his teeth to the company. Having rivalled a hyena in the hideousness of his grin, he closed the jaws and hid his molars. Far different was the effect upon another. It took but a very little time to discover that Rupert Sinclair had not been proof against the charms of this darling of nature. His heart had felt her witchery, and his spirit was enchained—not utterly and irretrievably, I fondly trusted, for I knew his worth, and could not willingly entrust him to such doubtful keeping. Elinor Travis was not the wife for Rupert Sinclair. Thanks to the Yahoo, my fears at first were not alarming; still it was vexations enough to behold the pain with which Sinclair evidently regarded the good fortune of the Indian, and the complacency with which the monster received the favour of one of the loveliest of her sex. Once during the dance, the change of the figure brought the lady within a few feet of Sinclair. Her back was towards him, but, as if aware of his vicinity, she turned round and cast the lustre of her full eye upon him. She smiled, and archely nodded. Rupert shook like a leaf: the colour mounted to his cheek, and his heart beat almost audibly. I grew alarmed. My faith in the Yahoo was shaken, and I trembled for my friend. The position of the dancers was again reversed. Elinor faced us. Her eye once more was fixed upon Rupert, but this time, as I believed, exulting in triumph. Could it be possible that she was aware of her influence, and that she inhumanly trifled with this man's affection? What meant that ardent gaze and that triumphant smile? As the general had informed us, so it happened. The Yahoo danced four quadrilles with Elinor, and then vouchsafed the loan of his blackness to other ladies for the rest of the evening. Miss Travis being at liberty, I proposed to Rupert an adjournment to our hotel. The gentleman, in answer, started up and secured the hand of Elinor for the next dance. His chair at my side was filled on the instant by the general himself. I listened and replied to the questions of the latter as well as I could, watching every movement, step, and gesture of the young sorceress and her victim.

"Your friend, Mr. Wilson, is not so gay as usual. What has happened?"

"Nothing."

"You return to London, I believe, in —"

The general paused.

"Mr. Sinclair's leave of absence," I answered, "will soon expire."

"A gentle-spirited man, Mr. Wilson. He does you credit."

"He owes me little, general," I answered. "Providence has been bountiful to him."

"Strange! And his father, they say, is as great a brute."

"Lord Railton," I said, "is not so amiable as his son."

"Proud and overbearing! But a magnificent rent-roll though! His son does not appear a man of the world. Vastly good-natured, but he wants fire and character."

"Mr. Sinclair does not do himself justice," I replied. "There is more in him than meets the eye."

"You are a scholar, Mr. Wilson," suddenly exclaimed the general, "and can appreciate a literary curiosity. Do me the favour to accompany me to my study. I have a Greek manuscript which I picked up in Samaria, and which they tell me is invaluable."

Before I could reply, the general was on his legs, and conducting me to his room. The dance was still proceeding.

"I am a simple man, sir," said the general when we reached the apartment, "and very moderate in my desires. We are often called avaricious when we are simply prudent. I despise wealth but for the sake of my children. There," he exclaimed suddenly, showing me a jewel-case—"there's stuff that would buy up Bath."

"Indeed!"

"What do you imagine this to be, Mr. Wilson?" next inquired the general, holding up a folded letter.

"I cannot guess," said I.

"An offer of a peerage. Why should I accept it? I have no son, and am without personal ambition. The world do not give men credit for such self-denial. You are a constant visitor at Sackville Park, I presume?"

"No, in truth. I have been there but once."

"Lady Railton doats upon her son, I believe?"

"A very fond mother," I replied.

The general eyed me suspiciously, and went no further; but he produced forthwith his manuscript from Samaria. It was really a curiosity in its way, being a transcript of one of the gospels in a dialect which I had never before seen, and of which, I think, but few specimens can remain. But I had a fidgety desire to get back to the ball-room, which prevented any thing like a satisfactory inspection of the precious document.

"Shall we return, general?" I asked.

"By all means," said the general, evincing at the same time no disposition to budge. "I trust, Mr. Wilson," he continued, "that you will be no stranger at our house. We are humble people, as you see us, but we have friends at court. A man of your talents should command preferment; but these are sad times, and the best fare ill enough without a helping hand. I stand well with the premier."

"No doubt, deservedly," said I. "You have probably seen much service, general?"

"A little, a little," replied the soldier with mock humility. "But as to yourself, Mr. Wilson, they must make a bishop of you."

"Oh, general!" said I with unnecessary modesty.

"Ah, but I say they must! Leave that to me. We want sound and good men like yourself at the head of the church. Methodism must be put down. It is increasing frightfully. Vigorous and learned men are required to cope with it."

"Methodism," said I, with becoming warmth, "is undoubtedly a great curse to the church at the present moment, and every honest churchman is bound, to the extent of his ability, to oppose its further progress."

"My own words, Mr. Wilson; and I beg you not to suspect me of flattery, when I tell you that half-a-dozen men like yourself would do more to bring back a salutary state of things than any legal enactments they could contrive. Sinclair has told me of your energy, high honour, and attainments, and it would be a sin to suffer them to be inactive."

I confess I shall never forgive myself for having patiently, nay somewhat greedily, swallowed such monstrous and glaring trash as that above related, and for having been cajoled by it into spending one long half hour with my wily general in his study. I left the room at length, in a state of heroic excitement, and in time to discover that Rupert Sinclair and his partner had quitted the apartment in which I had previously left them.

There remained upon my mind no longer a doubt of Rupert's attachment to this lovely woman, and I contemplated its issue with no feeling of gratification or delight. Notwithstanding the agreeable communications of the general, I could not thoroughly trust him; and as for the young lady herself, as I have already hinted, she was as adapted to the mild nature of Sinclair as a lioness to a lamb. What would Lord Railton say to the match? What would Lady Railton do, with her sublimated notions of marquises and dukes? I deplored the ill luck that had brought us to Bath, and resolved to carry the youth back whilst he still remained master of his actions. But where was he? I sought him in vain in every public room of the house. Neither he nor the syren could be found. Vexed and hurt, although I scarcely knew why, I determined to quit the place, and to return to the hotel. Attached to the general's house was a spacious pleasure garden, and upon the occasion of this fete it was studded with a number of small lamps, which cast a picturesque and oriental gleam in parts leaving the remaining portion of the ground in deeper shade. The night was lovely. Passing the door that led into the garden, I turned into the latter, almost without a thought. Visitors were there before me, and to escape them I retired into the gloom. Within a few yards of me passed the pair of whom I had been in search. The arm of Sinclair was twined around the waist of Elinor, and his head was bent on the ground. They advanced, and were soon beyond my ken. I still heard their steps; but suddenly these ceased. The lovers had stopped, and to my great discomfort they spoke.

"You do not know him," said a voice that did no dishonour to the coral lips through which it came. "His heart is fixed upon this hated match."

"You smiled upon him, Elinor," said Rupert, in voice of emotion; "you gave him hope."

"For your sake, Sinclair, I smiled upon the man I hated; for your dear sake. The least suspicion of the truth, and we are ruined. I cannot have you banished from me."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Rupert in despair.

I could hear no more. The voices dissolved into whispers, and these soon ceased. The fate of Rupert Sinclair was sealed.

Now, what was my course at this alarming crisis? What steps did it behove me—the friend, tutor, and counsellor of Rupert Sinclair—to take at such a moment as this, when the happiness of his whole life was about to be decided? Was there, in fact, any thing to do? Had not Sinclair already reached that point at which remonstrance is vain, and advice impertinent? And why should I remonstrate at all? What had I to say against a union with a lovely and accomplished woman, whose father had perhaps wealth enough to buy off the prejudices of Lord and Lady Railton, had they been ten times as bigoted as they really were? What could I produce against the young lady herself but a prejudice formed at first sight, and perhaps as unfounded as it had been hastily adopted? Was not Sinclair old enough to select his partner for himself; and when did interference in the delicate affairs of love ever lead to any thing but the confusion of the intruder, and the acceleration of the mischief he absurdly hoped to prevent? I was at the height of my perplexity when Sinclair returned to me. I heard his footsteps at the door, and immediately plunged into my bedroom.

Next morning I was awake betimes, but Rupert was up before me. Indeed, when I beheld him, I doubted whether he had been to rest at all. He looked haggard and distressed. I took my cue from his downcast appearance.

"Rupert," said I, "it is my intention to quit Bath."

"When?" he inquired.

"Possibly to-day. To-morrow at the furthest."

Rupert sighed.

"We return together, I presume?" said I in continuation.

"Wilson," answered Rupert, in a tone of kindness, "I have never deceived you yet; I will not deceive you now. Nor shall you suffer in any way from acts of mine. I cannot leave this place. It is not expedient that you should stay."

"Your leave of absence soon expires," I said.

"I shall not fail to be at my duty, Wilson," continued Sinclair. "But there is important business to do before I leave this city."

"You have entered, Rupert, into some rash engagement?"

"Into an engagement—yet; not rashly, I believe; for I have held consultation with my heart—deep, earnest communings, that have sanctioned my fond-est inclination."

"Beware, Sinclair!" I answered. "In some cases, the heart is no safe monitor; and inclination and conviction become convertible terms."

"You know my secret, Wilson."

"I can guess it."

"You saw her last night. I wished you to see her. I desired to hear from your lips a confirmation of the regard she has inspired in me!"

I shook my head.

"You are right—you are right," proceeded Sinclair, hastily. "You shall not speak. You shall not even tell me how divine a being Heaven has placed within my reach. You shall not be involved in the calamity which an irrevocable act may bring upon two whose crime it is to love too well."

"Rupert," I replied, "I am not disposed to desert you at so critical a period of your life. We are both young. You are enthusiastic; your good opinion of mankind has before now led you to error. Have you well pondered on this step? Can you rely on Elinor Travis?"

"What do you mean?"

"Is she as brave as she is gentle—as faithful as she is fair?"

"I would answer for her with my life."

"Yes, or with twenty lives, if you had them, for the venture. Yet you have not known her long."

"Long enough to value and to love her. Does it require an age to discover truthfulness so palpable as hers?"

"I have done, Sinclair," said I. "God grant you may be happy!"

"You return to London, then?"

"Such is my intention."

"You do wisely. I would not have you stay with me. You must be clear from all participation in this business, let it end as it may. I know my father. His anger and his vengeance, however undeserved, would fall on you."

"Would these were my greatest fears!" I answered, with a sigh.

"Fear not for me, Wilson. The happiness of your friend is bound up with that of Elinor Travis. I tell you in all sincerity, I cannot live without her."

Fate decrees our movements. No woman but she has made me conscious of that great foundation of love which lies within the bosom of us all—none has had power to direct the stream, and to enchain me, heart and soul to her will."

"And should that will," I quickly urged, "be found as evil as resistless?"—"Prove it so, and its power ceases on the instant. No; it is resistless because virtuous and pure. I submit to an enchantment, but it is practised by a fairy as good as she is beautiful."

It was useless to argue so abstruse a point with so interested and impassioned a reasoner. I remained silent.

"One promise I must exact from you," continued Sinclair, "In passing through London, you will not see my father."

"I shall not wait upon his lordship," I replied.

"Nor mention, if you please, one syllable of this affair, should chance bring you together. For the present, I have sufficient reasons for wishing you to keep my secret sacred. In good time all will be known."

"You shall be obeyed, of course."

"Thanks," said Sinclair, grasping my hand, and holding it affectionately: "all will be well, I trust."

For the rest of the day, the subject was not revived. I begged Sinclair to follow his own pleasure, without reference to me, and to leave me to the few arrangements necessary before departure. He insisted, however, upon spending the last day with me; and during many hours of well remembered intercourse, he evinced a friendliness and affectionate regard such as I had never before experienced—even from him. We sat together until the early hour of morning chid us to our beds.

"There is still one thing to say," said Sinclair, when we parted for the night, "and it had better be communicated now. Heaven knows, Wilson, when and where shall be our next meeting. It may be soon; it may be never. Death to one of us—a hundred circumstances may interfere between our hopes and their fruition. I have desired to tell you, many times, what I am sure you will not hear unkindly, although the fear of offending you has kept me silent. Yet, you ought to know it. I am sure your peace of mind will be secured when you know that the present enjoyments of your mother can, under no circumstances, ever be decreased. I have taken care, should any thing happen to yourself or me, that her latter days shall remain as peaceful as you, her faithful son, have rendered them."

I would have spoken to my friend and benefactor, but I could not. I shook his hand cordially, and an honest tear told him my gratitude. So we parted, as I half feared for ever; for his words and actions were full of evil omen.—[to be Continued.]

THE CHURCH IN THE CATACOMBS.

By CHARLES MAITLAND, M.D. Longman.

Around Rome the soil of the Campagna is pierced in every direction by winding galleries of almost endless extent. One passage and one vault communicates with another in labyrinthine mazes, so complex and so extensive as to form a vast subterranean city, resembling the most surprising of our mines. Here, in those various persecutions of heathen Rome, which preceded the establishment of Christianity, the primitive church found shelter, held its services, buried its dead and was miraculously preserved in its purity and strength. When, with the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, these galleries were opened and explored, one of the most affecting spectacles ever witnessed was presented to the world. The Christian faith, which then overspread the earth, in the fulness of its power, was beheld in these subterranean works in its infancy. Here were the inscriptions which told of the faith and practice of the early church; here the tombs of its martyrs who had attested their belief with their blood; here pictured representations of the rites they celebrated; here the caves in which the humble and the great, the poorest labourers and the proudest nobles, lived together to escape the ruthless massacre that raged without, surrounded by the rude sepulchres of their brethren who "slept in peace." Here was a gigantic monument to the truth of Christianity, no less affecting to the heart than convincing to the mind; proving with what rapidity the doctrines of Christianity had spread; the persecutions and sufferings to which its professors had cheerfully submitted by reason of the hope that was in them; and the identity of the primitive church, in all its belief and practice, with the Scripture record.

Of the relics and inscriptions found in these excavations a museum was established in Rome. It still exists; and from its most instructive and interesting records this volume has been constructed. Though not wholly original, for several learned authors have preceded Dr. Maitland in his researches, it is yet a remarkably ingenious and scholarly book, which will be valued not only by those who feel interested in Christian antiquities, but by all who would trace the early growth of our religion, and mark how truly scriptural it continued for those centuries of its progress before it became corrupted by admixture with the ideas and usages of heathenism.

The author's explanation of the origin of the catacombs is clear and sensible. Beneath the soil of the Campagna was a deep layer of fine sandstone, which formed an excellent cement. As Rome grew on all sides, this sand became valuable, and extensive excavations were made. The labourers at this work formed a class by themselves, with usages and modes of life distinct from the other dwellers of the city. It was natural that the religion which proclaimed the great truth of the equality of all mankind in the sight of God, and which taught men to look to the future as a reward for all the irregularities and miseries of the present state—which had selected fishermen and publicans for its apostles—should be received gladly by the neglected and enslaved population of the sand-caves. In these dark and dreary excavations it must have been a sublime spectacle to behold some Christian apostle, fresh from the land of miracle and revelation, gathering round him an audience of the despised outcasts of imperial Rome, and enlightening their minds with brighter truth than ever dawned on the mind of ancient sage or philosopher, filling their hearts with holier and grander hopes than the proudest ambition could inspire, teaching that martyrdom was more glorious than empire, and that death was but a sweet and refreshing sleep—the prelude to a new birth and to an immortal existence. When the church, which had found a refuge in these gloomy vaults, no longer required concealment, the caves were still used as burial-places of the Christian dead, and the tombs esteemed sacred, as containing the bodies of the earliest martyrs and fathers of the church.

Dr. Maitland gives much curious detail as to the construction of the catacombs. The galleries not only winded and branched off in an infinite variety of directions, but ascended and descended by flights of steps. Sometimes they were partially lit, by holes pierced in the roof above, but more often left entirely in darkness: they had to be illuminated with torches. Those who sought a refuge here in times of persecution were probably supported by their friends

from without; and the intricacy of the passages afforded an effectual security against the admission of enemies. Dr. Maitland has some interesting passages on

THE CATACOMBS AS ABODES OF THE LIVING.

"It appears from a number of testimonies, not, perhaps, of any great value individually, though of some weight when combined, that the early confessors were at times sentenced to work in the sand-pits. This species of punishment is referred to in many Acts of the Martyrs, and especially those of Marcellus, where we are told that the Emperor Maximian "condemned all the Roman soldiers who were Christians to hard labour; and in various places set them to work, some to dig stones, others sand." He also ordered Ciriacus and Sisinnus to be strictly guarded, condemning them to dig sand, and to carry it on their shoulders. Marius and his companions were sentenced to the same employment. There is also a tradition in Rome that the baths of Diocletian were built from the materials procured by the Christians. That the catacombs were throughout well known to them is evident; for every part was completely taken possession of by them and furnished with tombs or chapels: paintings and inscriptions belonging to our religion are to be seen everywhere; and for three hundred years the entire Christian population of Rome found sepulture in those recesses.

The fact that the catacombs were employed as a refuge from persecution rests upon good evidence, notwithstanding objections that have been made, founded upon the narrowness of the passages, the difficulty of supporting life, and the risk of discovery incurred by seeking concealment in an asylum so well known to their enemies. These objections scarcely apply to a temporary residence below ground in times of danger; and it is not pretended that the catacombs were inhabited under other circumstances. In the excavations at Quessnel, not only persons, but cattle, contrived to support existence: added to which we have, as will be seen presently, the direct testimony of several writers. Had the intricacies of the catacombs been well known to the heathen authorities, or the entrances limited in number to two or three, they would doubtless have afforded an insecure asylum. But the entrances were numerous, scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. The Acts of the Martyrs relate some attempts made to overwhelm the galleries with mounds of earth, in order to destroy those who were concealed within: but, setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by their pursuers. The catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen I., another Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel: on the conclusion of divine service he was thrust back into his episcopal chair and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times.

An authentic history of Stephen during his long residence in the catacombs would be surpassed in interest by few narratives in the ecclesiastical archives. A few incidents have been handed down to us. From time to time he was consulted by his clergy, who resorted to him for advice and exhortation. On one occasion, a layman named Hippolytus, himself a refugee, sought the bishop's cell to receive instruction regarding a circumstance that preyed upon his mind. Paulina, his heathen sister, together with her husband Adrian, were in the habit of sending provisions by their two children to Hippolytus and his companions. The unconverted state of these relations, by whom his bodily life was supported, weighed heavily upon him, and, by the advice of Stephen, a plan was laid for detaching the children, so that the parents were forced to seek them in the cavern. Every argument was used by Stephen and Hippolytus to induce their benefactors to embrace the faith, and, though for the time ineffectual, the desired end was at length accomplished. Tradition adds, that they all suffered martyrdom, and were buried in the catacombs.

In the time of Diocletian, the Christian Caius is said to have lived eight years in the catacombs, and to have terminated this long period of *consecration* by undergoing martyrdom. Even as late as the year 352, Liberius, Bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the cemetery of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution.

In all the monuments, rude sculptures, and inscriptions found in this refuge of the early church, there is nothing the author conceives contrary to the plain sense of Scripture.

The merely classical student, unless in search of the vernacular language of ancient Rome, will find little in these inscriptions to repay the trouble of perusing them. A few obsolete and barbarous expressions, the gradual origin of the cursive character, and the uncertain pronunciation of some consonants, indicated by the varied modes of writing the same word, are not the most interesting point of investigation suggested by these monuments. Better purposes are served by their examination, inasmuch as they express the feelings of a body of Christians, whose leaders alone are known to us in history. The fathers of the church live in their voluminous works; the lower orders are only represented by these simple records, from which, with scarcely an exception, sorrow and complaint are banished; the boast of suffering, or an appeal to the revengeful passions, is nowhere to be found. One expresses faith, another hope, a third charity. The genius of primitive Christianity, "To believe, to love, and to suffer," has never been better illustrated. These "sermons in stones" are addressed to the heart, and not to the head—to the feelings rather than to the taste; and possess additional value from being the work of the purest and most influential portion of the "Catholic and Apostolic Church" then in existence.

The student of Christian archaeology must never lose sight of the distinction between the actual relics of a persecuted church and the subsequent labours of a superstitious age. When Christianity, on the cessation of its troubles, emerged from those recesses, and walked boldly on the soil beneath which it had been glad to seek concealment, the humble cradle of its infancy became a principal object of veneration, almost of worship. To decorate the chapels, adorn by monuments the labyrinths of sepulchres, and pay an excessive regard to all that belonged to martyrs and martyrdom, was the constant labour of succeeding centuries. Hence arises a chronological confusion, which calls for caution in deciding upon the value of any inference that may be drawn from these sources, respecting points of doctrine. Yet it may not be amiss to premise generally, that in the inscriptions contained in the Lapidarian Gallery, selected and arranged under Papal superintendence, there are no prayers for the dead (unless the forms, "May you live," "May God refresh you," be so construed); no addresses to the Virgin Mary, nor to the Apostles or earlier Saints; and, with the exception of "eternal sleep," "eternal home," &c., no expressions contrary to the plain sense of the Scripture. And if the bones of the martyrs were more hon-

oured, and the privilege of being interred near them more valued, than the simplicity of our religion would warrant, there is, in this outbreak of enthusiastic feeling towards the heroic defenders of the faith, no precedent for the adoration paid to them by a corrupt age.

"Perhaps it may safely be asserted, that the ancient church appears in the Lapidarian Gallery in a somewhat more favourable light than in the writings of the fathers and historians. It may be that the sepulchral tablet is more congenial to the display of pious feeling than the controversial epistle, or even the much-needed episcopal rebuke. Besides the gentle and amiable spirit every where breathed, the distinctive character of these remains is essentially Christian; the name of Christ is repeated in an endless variety of forms, and the actions of His life are figured in every degree of rudeness of execution. The second person of the Trinity is neither viewed in the Jewish light of a temporal Messiah, nor degraded to the Socinian estimate of a mere example, but is invested with all the honours of a Redeemer. On this subject there is no reserve, no heathenish suppression of the distinguishing features of our religion: on stones innumerable appears the Good Shepherd, bearing on his shoulders the recovered sheep, by which many an illiterate believer expressed his sense of personal salvation. One, according to his epitaph, 'sleeps in Christ; another is buried with a prayer that 'she may live in the Lord Jesus.' But most of all, the cross in its simplest form is employed to testify the faith of the deceased: and whatever ignorance may have prevailed regarding the letter of Holy Writ or the more mysterious doctrines contained in it, there seems to have been no want of apprehension of that sacrifice, whereby alone we obtain remission of our sins, and are made partakers of the kingdom of Heaven."

In other passages the author speaks still more strongly:

"When we reflect upon the trials which awaited the church, and, the combined powers of earth and hell which menaced its earliest years, it is impossible not to recognise the fostering care of a heavenly Hand, in thus providing a cradle for the infant community. Perhaps to the protection afforded by the catacombs, as an impregnable fortress from which persecution always failed to dislodge it, the Church in Rome owed much of the rapidity of its triumph; and to the preservation of its earliest sanctuaries its ancient superiority in discipline and manners. The customs of the first ages, stamped indelibly on the walls of the catacombs, must have contributed to check the spirit of innovation soon observable throughout Christendom: the elements of a pure faith were written 'with an iron pen, in the rock, for ever;' and if the church of after times had looked back to her subterranean home, 'to the whole of the pit whence she was digged,' she would there have sought in vain for traces of forced celibacy, the invocation of saints, and the representation of Deity in painting or sculpture. Whatever dates may be attributed to other remains, this fact is certain, that the Lapidarian Gallery, arranged by the hands of the modern Romanists, contains no support whatever for the dogmas of the Council of Trent. Resting upon this distinction, virtually drawn by themselves, between what belongs to a pure age, and what to the time of innovation, we may safely refer to the latter a number of inscriptions of doubtful date, preserved in the vaults of St. Peter's, which contain prayers to the Virgin Mary, and other peculiarities of Romanist theology. The history of Christendom as well as that of Art supplies the means of fixing the age of many such monuments: for instance, the time of Vigilantius when some bishops, moved by his arguments, refused to ordain unmarried deacons, cannot be confounded with an age in which the celibacy of the clergy became compulsory; nor can we easily mistake for the work of a century that knew only the sign of the cross in its simplest form of two straight lines, the wretched representation of the Passion, in a crucifix the size of life, smeared with the imitation of blood, and surmounted by a crown of actual thorns."

Passing from a general description of the catacombs, the author examines in detail the most remarkable of those monuments that have been preserved. He gives in some cases exact transcripts of the rude inscriptions traced some seventeen or eighteen centuries back, but it is not necessary here to do more than note the translations. Here is a remarkable

EPITAPH TO THE MEMORY OF ALEXANDER E.

"In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He lived under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For, while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O, sad times! in which sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, afford no protection to us. What can be more wretched than such a life! and what than such a death? when they could not be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

From these words it is to be inferred that Alexander was praying in the catacombs when discovered by the emissaries of Antonine. This event belongs to the fifth persecution, which began in the year 161. The second Antonine is here intended, the first emperor of that name having been friendly to the Christians.

A number of circumstances in this inscription are worthy of notice—the beginning, in which the first two words (Alexander mortuus), as leading us to expect a lamentation, break out into an assurance of glory and immortality—the description of the temporal insecurity in which the believers of that time lived—the difficulty of procuring Christian burial for the martyrs—the certainty of their heavenly reward—and, lastly, the concluding sentence forcibly recalling the words of St. Paul, 'as dying, yet behold we live;' and again, 'I die daily.'

Nothing is more remarkable in these inscriptions than the firm faith reposed in the promise of immortality. Thus, on one stone is carved:—The dormitory (or sleeping place) of Elpis. On another, 'Victorina sleeps.' Again, 'Zoticus laid here to sleep;' and 'Gamella sleeps in peace.'

The chapter on the gradual change of the simple cross carved on monumental stone, as a rude symbol of the believer "in Christ, the first and the last," is very curious and instructive. After the richly-jewelled crucifixes came paintings and sculpture of the Passion, and thus religion became degraded by the manifestation of objects unfit for representation.

"Thus it is that we find the spirit of Christianity regularly undergoing that transformation which in the middle ages reduced it to the condition of a dismal creed: the cheerful conceptions of the early church, itself nursed in scenes of horrible realities, were too simple and refined for after times. The Byzantine paintings, contained in the cabinets of the Vatican library, forcibly display the taste of the dark ages. In that small museum, deserving of much more attention than it receives, may be traced the harsh tone of feeling that would ever connect religion with terror and disgust. The subjects of those paintings are nearly always distressing: the Divine Infant, with a heavy contracted countenance, destitute of youthful expression, excites no sympathy for the helpless offspring of the Virgin; and the 'man of sorrows,' a more usual object of representation, covered with triangular splashes of blood, with a face indicative of hopeless anguish, intense in expression, and not deficient in execution, illus-

trates less the Redeemer's life than a dark page in the history of Christendom. To this school of art, which comes down almost to the tenth or eleventh century, the western world added sculpture, forbidden by the iconoclast zeal of the East; but both divisions of Christendom underwent the same fate; and the sky of sacred art darkened, as the Saviour's countenance, its proper sun, shed a more disastrous light over its scenes of woe; till the last glimmering of divine majesty suffered total eclipse from the exclusive display of agonised humanity."

In like manner the ingenious author traces the origin of other rites, as the church, merging from the catacombs, rose in splendour and power:—

THE USE OF TAPERS ON ALTARS.

In a church whose meetings were held below ground, artificial light was a necessary accompaniment to every service. Some persons have viewed in this custom the origin of tapers, employed in the daytime by Romanists; and have wished to consider the continuance of candles in churches as a thank-offering for liberty to worship God in the upper air; a grateful recollection of former privations and concealment. But history seems to contradict so favourable a construction of the original motive of "candle religion," and to refer it undeniably to a different source.

The general habit of using lamps, mostly of terra cotta, is proved by the discovery of thousands in the catacombs. The cubicular clara, or chapels open to the day, were rare; perhaps they did not exist till after the last persecution, when the fear of discovery no longer forbade an aperture from the Campagna. But the employment of artificial light for the mere purpose of rendering objects visible is quite distinct from the ceremonial use of it, whether to illuminate the shrine of a saint, or to "do vain honour to the Father of Lights." This ceremonial use, against which the Homily energetically declaims, appears to have been generally connected with idolatry, excepting in the case of the Jewish ritual, and to have been unknown to Christians until after the time of Constantine.

The burning of lights is specified among the idolatrous rites forbidden by the Theodosian code: "Let no one, in any kind of place whatsoever, in any city, burn lights, offer incense, or hang up garlands, to senseless idols." Vigilantius in reference to the custom of using lights in divine service, exclaims: "We almost see the ceremonial of the Gentiles introduced into the churches under pretence of religion: piles of candles lighted while the sun is still shining; and everywhere people kissing and worshipping I know not what: a little dust in a small vessel wrapped up in a precious cloth. Great honour do such persons render to the blessed martyrs, thinking with miserable tapers to illumine those whom the Lamb, in the midst of the throne, shines upon with the splendour of His majesty." This passage proves that Vigilantius, who must have known well the customs of Paganism, was struck with the resemblance between them and the rites newly introduced into the church.

Dr. Maitland's work is written in a style equally distinguished by eloquence and Protestantism. His labour has plainly been one of love. His explanations are clear, and assisted by some neat engravings, which convey an adequate idea of the carvings on the genuine tombs of early Christians. And not only is the work decisive as to the scriptural spirit of the primitive church, but it forms a conclusive historical argument to the truth of Christianity. The faith Christ delivered to the world is here shown subsisting in all its original purity, with the heavenly whiteness of its robes, unstained by the sins of ambition, by the vices of power, by the corruptions of fable, or by the rites of heathenism. We cannot imagine a better companion to Gibbon's history than this able and pious volume, or one that more effectually neutralizes the poison of that historian's prejudice and bigoted unbelief.—*London Paper.*

THE COQUETTE.

BY JULES JANIN.

In what words shall I describe a being of whom every one has a different impression! The coquette! Is she not of all climes, of all complexions, of all styles of beauty and of grace that have ever manifested themselves on the earth? What two persons will agree as to the traits of her portrait! As well might I attempt to describe the rainbow by one of its hues, and expect all mankind to say the description was right, as to give an idea of the coquette by one specimen alone. Yet, like artists, I must draw from a single model, the most perfect of its kind. The discerning will recognise in it the type of a wide class of being, as the florist at once names the rose, though it be crimson, or amber, or white, or the tulip, no matter what are the lines and the hues of its stripes. The coquette! I see her yet. She is in deep mourning, but the black is brilliant with bugles here and there, and shines with exquisite lustre, from contrast with the alabaster shoulders that rise above it. Her air is pensive and downcast, and, though her cheek is radiant with a warm blush, some lingering traces of indisposition seem hovering about her as if to mark her kindred with mortality. Her hair, of the deepest jet, is set out on each side of the face in wide bands, as you sometimes see when a dealer would heighten the value of his stone, a diamond of price, placed in a deep border of black setting. Behind, her hair is gathered into a plain Grecian knot, and from it fall some weepers of black, which seem continually endeavouring to kiss the neck beneath it, which resists their blandishments. Her eyes are fringed—gracious order of Providence!—by long lashes which are cast downwards, revealing only momentary glimpses of the liquid and lustrous orbs that confound you when you encounter the full rays of their splendour. The lips are remarkable for their ripe fullness, and their transparent skin; there are volumes of wooing eloquence in their coral life. Her person is admirable for its roundness, and when she rises for its symmetry. Her foot—her foot you never see; timid and shy, it retreats always beneath the shelter of her full and flowing dress, for the coquette is true to her nature, to the very points of her toes. The coquette is known to you before you have distinguished her in the circle; she has been too constant in her affection and her care; but she is recovering, that is good news, from a fever. From a fever! Do not be alarmed, there is no fear of infection—from a fever of the nerves! You stand apart respecting her sorrow! Chance throws you together. You address her timidly! What a thrill of rapture pervades your frame when you find she knows you already by report—that she is acquainted with your name—that she has had your signature in her possession. She has read what you have written! she thinks it admirable! You are overwhelmed by flattery from such lips. You stand disconcerted and abashed, and then she wakes up from the beauty of her repose and shows you, author, novelist, critic, as you are, how poor are all your fancies, how faint your dreams, how colourless your words in comparison with her own language. You are roused by her animation and her frankness. You strive, in turn, to entertain her, though your efforts seem awkward to yourself! You get rid of commonplace topics—you have done with the merits of mutual friends. You suffer her to catch glimpses of your own soul, and you tell her whatever you think will please her by its novelty. She adores music, though she does not play, at least but indifferently; and you murmur to her the last inspiration of Donizetti—conceived, you alone

know, in what a sad and darkened state—more sweet and dreamlike than the serenade in "Don Pasquale." Her eyes are fixed on a painting, and you tell her of the last rough sketch of Horace Vernet—the last figure Delaroche has imagined of his idol, Napoleon. You have heard but that morning a lively story of the beautiful Marquise de la S——, and you pour it into her ear. You describe the last plot of Dumas received from his own lips, before he has written a word of the dialogue for the scenes. Have you pleased her? You cannot tell; her eyes are exhilarated, her lips smile. You follow the direction of her looks with trembling, and see with what a delighted air she has wafted half a dozen enchanting words—no more—from the tips of her tapering fingers to a handsome youth at a distance. You have still ears for her wit, but you cannot answer her! She laughs at your gravity—she has found you out for a dull pretender; she vows you have been drinking some of that stupid heady English port, and that she would not have spoken to you had she known it. Yet, when you are about to retire, she alone of the circle extends to you her hand, delicately cased in its spotless and embroidered glove, with the charming frankness of an old acquaintance, and with an expression like sunlight—for this VISAGE of society smiles as she sacrifices the victims at her feet—hopes, should she ever meet you again, you will be in a less stolid mood, and will endeavour to answer her with something new. Something new! Is your mind then so destitute of fancy; have you been praised for a poet without cause? Ungrateful and ungenerous girl! Should I ever meet you more, I will surround you with old officers of the revolution who will prose to you of battles they took no part in—with capitalists whose souls are in railways and railway scrip—with dull politicians who swear by Thiers and Guizot—with coxcombs whose world knows no wider circumference than the rim of their own hats, and whose ideas are limited in extent by the tip of their own boots—with little storytellers who are always the heroes of their own tales—with those intolerable newsmongers who will repeat to you in the evening, item by item, the contents of the *Debats* and the *Presse*, which you read while you were at breakfast, and give you a mangled version of the last criticism of Jules Janin, as if you had not that already by heart. I will not even wait so long for my revenge. You challenged me to write of you in my next article. I will obey you in a way you little think of. I will present your portrait, drawn with the strictest truth—that truth which your flatterers have never dared to whisper in your ear—and while you read you shall confess—without being able to dispute the accuracy of one stroke in the picture—"Here at least is something new."

PERSIAN POETS AND POETRY.

Biographical Notices of Persian Poets; with critical and explanatory Remarks. By the late Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. James Reynolds, M.R.A.S., and Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee. London, W. Allen and Co.; Paris, Duprat.

Sir Gore Ouseley died as this work was passing through the press; but it is fortunate for his literary memory that so fully competent and able an individual has undertaken not only to see his labours put properly before the world, but to prefix to them a biographical sketch of great simplicity and interest.

Sir Gore Ouseley belonged to an ancient English family, a branch of which settled in Ireland, where his elder brother, Sir William, and himself were born: the latter event in 1770. Early in life he went to India in a mercantile capacity, and met Sir W. Jones. In process of time he was engaged in the public service, and resided at the court of Oude, conducting affairs highly to his own reputation and to the interests of those by whom he was employed. In 1805 he returned to Europe, and married in 1806; was created a baronet in 1808, and was sent ambassador to Persia at a very important epoch, after negotiations had been opened by the Shah sending a Persian minister to England.

Some of his letters and a diary during this long series of years enable Mr. Reynolds to impart much variety to his otherwise brief memoir, as well as make interesting additions, to Sir William Ouseley's published narrative; and from these we offer a few passages, which, we think, cannot fail to be read (notwithstanding the distance of date) with gratified feelings. In 1792 a letter to his brother makes a curious mention of music, to which he was much attached, and a singular proficiency in which seems to run in the blood of the family:

"I have laid by this Persian book (on music), as I tell you; but at times curiosity, and a most inordinate lust for exploring musical secrets, makes me take it up. I can therefore hardly answer your questions. The Hindostan music has a gamut consisting of notes like ours, which being repeated in several oct, nons, or octaves, form in all twenty-one natural notes. . . . I am in hopes of finding their mode of notations; and that they had a tablature of some kind I am almost confident. This manuscript is written in a very easy style; yet the science of music is so little cultivated now, that out of the Munshis who have looked into it (and I have shewn it to many), not one has been able to explain a page of it. Nor should we wonder at it, as amongst ourselves a man who has not studied music would be puzzled to tell the meaning of the words *counterpoint* and *descant*, particularly if they had been hundreds of years out of use and practice. My only hope of discovering these latent treasures is my knowledge of music, which, with a little study of Sanscrit, will, I think, enable me to write something like an analysis of the Hindu music one of these days. As to the practical part of it, I am perhaps more conversant in it than most of the natives. The Raugs and Rauginees (for a description of which I refer you to the 'Asiatic Researches') are the most ancient compositions we have any account of. The five first Raugs owe their origin to Mahidra, who produced them from his five heads. Parbutti his wife constructed the sixth. Boimha composed the thirty Rauginees. These melodies are in a peculiar genus, and, of the three ancient genera, I think resemble the enharmonic most. The more modern compositions are of that termed diatonic, as you'll perceive by 'Gul Buddum thoo humsee.' The Raugs and Rauginees I have postponed setting to music till I read more of my manuscript, as our system does not supply notes or signs proper to express the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies. The time, too, is broken and very irregular; the modulations frequent and very wild. The effects produced by two of the six Raugs are more extraordinary than those ascribed to any of the modes of the ancients, though to us so incredible.

"Mia Tonsina, a wonderful musician in the time of King Akber, sang one of the Raugs in midday. The powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace as far as the sounds of his voice could be distinguished. They have a tradition that whoever attempts to sing the Raug Dheepuck will be destroyed by fire. The Emperor Akber ordered Naik Gopaul, a famous musician, to sing that Raug: he endeavoured to excuse himself, but in vain; the emperor insisted on obedience. He therefore requested permission to go home and take leave of his family. It was granted him, and in six months he returned. It was then winter. Be-

fore he began to sing, he placed himself up to the neck in the water of the Jumna. As soon as he had sung a strain or two, the river began to be hot, and at length to boil, and his body was blistered all over. In this condition he begged of the emperor to suspend his commands; but he was inexorable, and demanded a further proof of the powers of this Raug. Poor Naik Gopaul sang on; the flames burst out from him, and he was consumed to ashes. These and many other anecdotes are in the mouths of the most sensible of the natives; and, what is more, they are implicitly believed. The effect produced by Maig Muloor Raug was immediately rain. And it is told that a singing girl saved Bengal from famine once by exerting the power of her voice in this Raug, and bringing a timely fall of rain for the rice-crops. When I inquire for people able to sing and produce the wonderful effects, I am gravely answered that the art is now almost lost, but that there are still persons of that description in the West of India. But inquire in West of India, and they will tell that, if any remain, they must be in Bengal."

During Sir Gore's residence in Persia we meet with the following novelties:

"Upon the 14th April the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hasan, received the melancholy intelligence of the death of his only son. Sir Gore Ouseley immediately addressed him a note of condolence, and, on the following day, called upon him: 'I could not,' he remarks, 'help blending my tears with his. It is singular,' he proceeds, 'that he told us on board ship of having had a dream, in England, of losing a tooth; and as in a former instance it foreboded the death of a beloved brother, he felt assured, he said, that he had in this also lost some dear friend. We laughed at the time, but he made me put down the date; and to-day, on comparing dates, it appears that his dream occurred on the very day of his son's death.'

"The winter of 1812-1813 was probably attended with few events, and not cheered by the slow progress of the negotiation between Russia and Persia. In March 1813, the ambassador remarks: 'Having purchased a very handsome horse for 170 تومان's, I had an opportunity of establishing a fact which I had often heard of the real Turkoman horses, but never witnessed before. As the spring came forward, his blood, I suppose, increased in heat, and veins in his neck opened in places which he could not reach to bite, and once or twice veins started whilst I was riding him, and consequently I could see that it occurred without any outward help, such as rubbing or biting them. It appears that this singular circumstance only occurs to Turkoman horses, and it is reckoned a mark of their being very high-bred horses.' The swelling and bursting veins of horses of pure blood would seem, therefore, to be an ascertained fact. * * *

"During my stay here (the Diary records), I occupied myself daily in visiting such places as appeared worthy the notice of an antiquary. The most curious article in that way is a rock in the valley of Makteran, about five miles from Hamadan, under the mountain Alwerd, called Ganj-Nameh, or history of the Treasure, for every writing in this country that cannot be deciphered is immediately set down as the 'directions to a hidden treasure.' There are two oblong squares cut to an even surface in a large granite rock, a little above a stream of fine clear water, and near a spot where it forms a pretty cataract. At first sight it strikes one as a sculpture of Shahpur and the Sassanian monarchs, because the shape of the squares, the shapes of rock, and the situation near a clear stream, are exactly what one remarks at Shahpur, near Ka-run,—at Firuzabad,—at Nakhshir Rostam,—at Rei,—at Bisitoun,—and, in short, at every place where they have left memorials of their greatness. On a close approach, however, I found the squares divided into three pages, as it were, of unequal size, and completely covered with well-formed Persepolitan or arrow-headed characters, precisely similar to those at Persepolis and Murghab; and this, in fact, is only the third place in Persia in which I have seen or heard of them. The similarity of the scenery induced a supposition (which I adopt with great reluctance) that possibly the arrow-headed character is coeval with the Pehlavi, but that the former was only used for solemn funerals or religious purposes, and the latter for worldly ones, such as triumphs and the pomps of war. On a hill which commands the city is yet to be seen two ancient Takht (although of smaller dimensions), similar to those at Murghab and Persepolis, and now nearly dilapidated. We were informed that there had been inscriptions on the tops of the stones that formed it, but all our efforts to get a sight of one proved ineffectual. The next building any way curious is a species of temple, of ten sides, of [with] the origin of which nobody seems acquainted. The foundation, and about three feet above ground of it, are composed of stones, but the rest is built of bricks of equal sizes, and uncommonly well cemented together. It is called the Temple of Sacrifice; and the people have a confused notion that, some seven hundred years ago, some Uzbeg Tartars worshipped in it.

"June 20th, 1813. Chapakuli. Our road to-day was good and pleasant. On our left lay the mountain Baghamals, on or close to which we could see three or four villages. One of them had a fort built on a hill, which looked respectable at a distance. On inquiry I found it was called Takht-i-Sulaiman; but so incurious are all Persians, that although it is not more than six or seven miles from our encampment, the people of the village were themselves nearly as ignorant as those of Chapakuli; but what they wanted in the way of information they made up in civility and alacrity in showing me every place worthy of notice. The object from which the place takes its name is an immense granite slab of irregular form, about nine feet long by six and a half wide, and sixteen inches thick, placed horizontally on two solid rocks like supporters, and a mud wall at the back; the space under the slab is not above two feet from the ground. The whole is situated near a beautiful spring which gushes from a rock about five yards from it, and over it in modern days has been built a dome of sun-burnt bricks and mud. In a space of one hundred yards square, a great many springs rise and supply water for a pretty large village. The tradition amongst the villagers is, that Solomon came here for one night, and said his prayers upon the slab, which they think clearly proved by his writing and seal upon it; the two deep holes they suppose to be the sockets to receive the poles of his canopy. As the granite has veins of other stone in it, some parts are so decomposed as entirely to prevent me from copying the inscription so correctly as I wished. It had the appearance more of talismanic or cabalistic figures than any written character I have ever seen, except that two of the letters or figures are one of the four sculptures near Shiraz at Murghab or Murghah. After sketching the place, and copying the sculpture, the villagers took me to what they considered a great curiosity, but of which they had no tradition. It was two large stones in the form of slabs, which they called the Mother and Daughter. The decomposition of the stone had not so destroyed the inscription of one but that I was able to make out the name of the inscriber and the date, although I could not discover whether it had been meant for a tombstone or not. The other stone, which was smaller, had a similar form of a temple on the centre, but the inscription was entirely defaced. The larger stone, had the name of Abbas quite plain upon it, as also the date in Arabic, with an ait from the Kur'an. From thence I was taken to a spot by the side of

a hill, into which you descend by a flight of stone steps into a small vaulted chamber of stone and mortar, without any mark of antiquity about it, except a couple of indistinct marks, somewhat like those on the Takht-i-Sulaiman; but I really cannot assert that they were originally intended for characters, or merely accidental marks. The vault is near the present burying ground of the village, and was discovered by a Rish-i-Safid (white beard), or elder of the village, who dreamt that the guardian spirit of that spot appeared and said to him, 'Dig me up, and I'll repay your trouble.' They all deny, however, having found anything but the stone steps and vault; and thinking it the place of interment of some holy man, they light lamps there every Friday night, as they do at the Takht-i-Sulaiman. My kind guides wished me to visit a wonderful well at some distance, which they described to me; but as night was rapidly advancing, I was obliged to decline going. They say it is at the top of a hill, and similar to those at Shiraz, except that the time a stone takes in getting to the bottom exceeds that of Shiraz by an hour or two. Such is the accuracy of Persian description. On the top of a mountain they pointed out a cave, which, by what I could gather, appears to have been the shaft of a mine formerly worked here: the only thing, however, which I could procure was a piece of black emery stone."

"The Ambassador proceeded from Tabriz to Tahrán on the 21st of October. He had the satisfaction of receiving, whilst on his road, the intelligence that the treaty of peace between Russia and Persia had been signed and sealed by General Ruzhiff (it was afterwards ratified by the Emperor Alexander). He visited several remarkable objects of curiosity in the course of this journey, the petrifying springs, and marble (or rather mines of Shir-i-Amen), and the cave of Murdi. His description of these extraordinary phenomena of nature is interesting. He visited the latter a second time on his return from Tahrán, but his observations on both occasions will be given together.

"October, 1813. Finding notice of several curious springs in this neighbourhood in the eighth volume of Mirkhond's Rozat-as-saffa, I made every inquiry necessary, and shaped my course accordingly. About three and a half miles from our last stage, we came to a chalybeate spring close to the road, which appeared to me to possess the same inky taste, but in a much stronger degree, than the Tunbridge water. It is about as hot as new milk. When within two miles of this stage, we turned off to the right a short distance, and came to a place whence a great part of Persia is supplied with what they call marble. There were several slabs, of ten and fifteen feet long, chiseled out ready to be carried off, and great mounds raised of the chippings; indeed, the hills near it seemed all of the same substance, which is got by digging about three or four feet of the decomposed lamina and earth (away) from the surface. When they have dug out a certain space, they say, the water rises there, and in a few years (but how many they do not know, or trouble themselves to ascertain) petrifies, and again becomes marble, as they term it; but it is only a petrification, from its colour and posture, as well as the stalactite appearance on its surface. I observed several spots covered with a white substance like ice, high in the middle and shelving down with a fine polish to its extremities, which were hard and crisp. As I approached the centre, my feet sunk into the substance and were wetted. In the middle is a spring, which bubbles up with violence, and flows over the shelving sides, and literally seems to harden and petrify as it proceeds; for beyond the ice-like extremities there is no moisture, and hence the rise in the centre. This continues to accumulate and rise up until the spring is choked up, when the whole mass of about ten or twelve square yards becomes a spar. We observed several of these in different stages of their growth—some quite liquid, others like half-melted or thawing ice, others with a coat of stalactite-like wax over them. The water in the spring, which bubbled up most violently, and of which I took a bottleful, is like Seltzer water, and of a moderately cold temperature. Where chalybeate predominates, the colour of the spar becomes redder, but in general it is a pure white. Near this curious spring there is a beautiful view of the salt lake of Shahr-i-Urumiah, whose waters are bitter, and contain no fish. Not far from Murdi, the Ambassador, having heard of a wonderful cave, procured a guide, and went to see it. 'It is in the side of a very steep and high rocky mountain, the ascent to which is inconceivably difficult and fatiguing. The first room you enter is evidently a natural cave, which has been made use of either by shepherds for their cattle or themselves, or tenanted by wild beasts, of which we saw marks, both lions and deer. From this room a low passage leads to other rooms. The situation (of the cave) is truly romantic. You approach it by a fissure in the mountain, about twenty-five or thirty yards wide, and the ascent is steep. The mountain is chiefly composed of a species of reddish pudding stone, strongly coloured by iron; but in many places you find masses of schistus, double black, reddish, and grey, with large white veins. The latter, when not much veined, resembles the stone on which the figures are sculptured at Persepolis. The only stone much used by the natives here is the pudding-stone, of which we saw a number of mill-stones, formed and formed. The cave faces nearly the west. The first excavated apartment is about thirty-six paces square; nearly in the centre of its eastern side is a second portal, of an irregular form on the rock, on which I observed some marks of the chisel. This portal is about twenty-five feet high by fourteen wide; beyond this the cave descends to a considerable distance and depth; but it is impossible to explore it, as the mephitic vapour within the portal would immediately destroy animal life. However, one can go with safety much farther in winter than in summer, and we went farther in by a few feet than Colonel D'Arcy had done last year, in consequence of our being here earlier in the spring than he was. It seems to be carbonic acid gas. On taking up some stones, I was sensibly affected by it; and, although standing upright on the brink of the descent at the second portal, I perceived nothing more than a fresh, damp air. Still, stooping as low as my middle, I was seized by the nose in a more violent manner than the strongest volatile salt or eau de lucc could have effected. We found the body of a swallow that had fallen a sacrifice to its want of caution in flying too near the ground, close to the second portal; and beyond that, the ground was strewn with feathers and carcasses of birds and insects which had flown too far in. The villagers, our guides, reported that whenever their sheep or oxen strayed into the cave, for shelter from the weather, they invariably perished. There is a conical rock before the second aperture or portal, beyond which you cannot pass in hot weather, but we stood for some time three or four feet beyond it with impunity. We durst not, however, venture down the descent; for, tying a strong fowl to a pole, and lowering it a couple of feet below our own level, in a few seconds it appeared to die without a struggle. On exposing it again to the fresh air, it made a faint effort to stir its wings, but in a few seconds was quite dead. * * *

"Taking leave of the Prince Royal at Tabriz on the 25th May, Sir Gore Ouseley proceeded towards the frontier. On his road he fell into some amusing conversation with a Persian gentleman upon the subject of their superstitions.

"Mirza Abdul Latif rode all the way with me, and entertained me with in-

ny curious stories; amongst the rest of natural necromancers, and those who have studied the black art in books, and performed the 'chilch,' or forty days' solitude, fasting, and incantations. He himself happened to be well acquainted with one of each kind: The first, whose name is Farazi, lives at Tahrán; and I recollect that Mirza Shafi mentioned him to me, although, by accident, I never sent for him whilst there, probably from the conviction of the business being rank nonsense. He professes to be able to tell you the names of any person which you may write down and put under your hat or pillow: he also describes him exactly, and tells you where he is at that moment. 'If you take out anything from your pocket, and conceal it in your hand, he'll immediately tell you what it is; and if you ask him to bring sugar, paper, or anything which you may be assured he has not about him, or in the room, he reaches with his hand, and instantly produces it. Of a hundred anecdotes which I have heard of this man, I will only relate two. Mirza Abdul Latif went from Tahrán to Tabriz, where he had left a friend named Haji-Ali-Asker, who shortly after left Tabriz also, without informing the Mirza. To try Farazi's powers, and at the same time gratify himself, when in a party with him, he privately wrote down his friend's name, and put the bit of paper under the pillow he was leaning upon; he (then) asked Farazi about the person whose name he had written, and he replied (although he had never seen him), 'He is a corpulent man, with light blue eyes and black beard, wears a Mullah's turban and blue kaba baghali; he is now at Kuli, in the house of his relation, Sultan Ali Muhammed, and his name is Haji-Ali-Asker.' He next asked Farazi what he had in his hand, and he said, 'An European pen-knife;' and he lastly asked him for a large lump of sugar, which he immediately produced by holding his hand up in the air. To the truth of this, Mirza Abdul Latif will take his oath; and although he only relates the following one from hearsay, he appears equally satisfied of the truth of it. The Shah, it appears, asked Firuz Shah (the deposed king of the Afghans, who took refuge in Persia), if he ever saw in Kabul a person of Farazi's wonderful powers, to which he answered in the negative, and expressed some doubt of the possibility of it. The Shah sent for Farazi, and desired Firuz to write down the name of some acquaintance, which he did, and placed it under his masnad, or cushion. On applying to Farazi, he said, 'She is a middle-aged woman, handsome face, black eyes, long hair, and small hands and feet; she is now in Kandahar, and her name is Zinat-ul-Nissa.' Firuz was quite astonished to hear his favourite wife so exactly described and still more so when Farazi, in reply to the Shah, said that he could immediately bring her before them. Firuz Shah, greatly alarmed, begged the Shah for God's sake not to insist on this proof of his skill, which of course, was granted; and then Firuz asked the man how he could possibly bring a person who was 800 or 900 miles distant; he answered that he could not bring her in person, but could produce such a likeness of her that he could swear to her being his own wife. This Farazi is not a juggler, nor in any way a clever man; on the contrary, he is generally reckoned a little mad, and partly an idiot, and some go so far as to describe the means by which he acquired his consummate art. He was walking in a plain or desert, when he saw a wolf with a child in its mouth. Motives of humanity tempted him to pursue the wolf a considerable distance, and he eventually succeeded in rescuing the innocent, which he took up in his arms, and intended to take home. Suddenly, men and women, parents and relations of the infant, appeared before him, and after thanking him for his generous humanity, desired him to ask any boon he wished, that they (being Jins) could and would grant immediately. He said he had no particular wish, but that if they thought his act of piety to an innocent child deserved anything, they also were the best judges of what they should confer upon him. They then gave him the art he possesses.

"The second personage, or necromancer, now dead, was an enameller at Isfahan, named Mirza Taki, who could produce any thing or person that was required from him. Mirza Abdul Latif supped with him one night, when only six guests had been invited, consequently not much meat was dressed. A number of travellers arrived in Isfahan just as the six sat down to supper, and being friends of Mirza Taki's, he made them come in and sit down, to the number of fifty-six. Abdul Latif was anxious to know from whence the supper for so many people was to come, and was greatly astonished to find that, without the help of servants or cooks, he put his hand out towards a purdah, and pulled out trays after trays of meat and sweetmeats, by the sole assistance of his obedient Jins. On asking the fate of this Mirza Taki, Abdul Latif said that he once went, for a forty days' watching, incantation, and abstinence from meat (as was often his custom), into a solitary cave, into which he took a sufficiency of food and dispensed with all attendance. At the end of the forty days his servant went for him, and found him hanging, and quite dead; but whether this was the act of himself or his friends the Jins, they could not tell."

NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS. †

It seems to be felt by some of the "new age," whose souls are as easily alarmed as a sitting hen, that these pictures of war are calculated to foster a war spirit in the bosom of our "beloved country." Now we do not hesitate to say that we consider war in any shape as a great evil; that the chief nations of Christendom could forever prevent any general contest taking place again in the world, and that the efforts of all should be sedulously directed to create and diffuse such an impression—since the impression, once universal, would be sure to be followed by such a result.

It must indeed, be a very oblique or diluted intellect, which could gather anything different on reading the whole work; and we should just as soon think of precluding people from reading all history, because one half of it is made up of the sanguinary records of war. This feeble piling is not the way to change the opinions of men on the subject. Let them have a plain view of everything; let them be able to condemn all evil on grounds of knowledge. Such a condemnation, when it comes will stand. We believe in having the history of everything written.

Mr. Headley himself, though excited with the movements of such mighty armies, and all the splendid scenery of Napoleon's victories, is still plainly impressed throughout with the terrors of human warfare. He has taken many occasions to comment upon them. What, for example, could be more appalling than the following picture of the battle-field of Eylau, where Murat's terrific charge was made, through a whirling snow-storm, with 14,000 cavalry.

"Let the enthusiastic go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. Fifty-two thousand men lay piled across each other, in the short space of six miles, while the snow, giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a wintry morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the

† Napoleon and his Marshals. By T. J. Headley. Vol. II. Baker & Scribner.

slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more fearful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down on this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death, appeared still more appalling in their vast winding-sheet of snow. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and disemboweled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of war were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest. Two days after the battle five thousand wounded Russians lay on the frozen field, where they had dragged out the weary nights and days in pain. The dead were still unburied, and lay amid wrecks of cannons, and munition wagons, and bullets, and howitzers;—whole lines had sunk where they stood, while epaulettes, and neglected sabres, and muskets without owners, were strewn on every side, and thrown into still more terrible relief by the white ground of snow, over which they lay. Said Napoleon, in his bulletin home, after describing the dreadful appearance the field presented,—“The spectacle is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and horror of war.”

More terribly impressive to the same point is the account, in the sketch of Marshal Ney, of that most terrible paragraph in all modern history—The Retreat from Moscow. The entire sketch of this Marshal is perhaps the most powerful in the two volumes. It will bear, what indeed all the sketches will not, to be read over three or four times—the hardest test to which a book can be put. It is as thrillingly and strangely terrific as that of Massena, in which occurs the awful siege of Genoa—and as replete with a high chivalry as the brilliant account of Murat—while in the representation of a stern dignity and grandeur of nature almost solemn in its aspect, and a bravery utterly immovable and natural as the silence of a rock, it surpasses them all together. Ney was an astonishing character—and Mr. Headley's sketch is worthy of the man. We would quote the whole description of the Retreat from Moscow, but for its extreme length. A powerful extract to the same effect would be some paragraphs from the terrible “Passage of the Beresina.” This event took place as a part of that disastrous retreat, but the account of it is given in the sketch of Victor.

So also of the awful sieges of Genoa, Saragossa and Talavera, so vividly described—how strong are the pictures they present of the horrors of Christian warfare! It is honorable to Mr. Headley, that though captivated too much, perhaps, by the splendors of such great military movements, he constantly shows his sense, that nothing can compensate for the evils that follow after them.

Mr. Headley's descriptions of battles though by no means the most comprehensive and satisfactory, are quite the most graphic and powerful we have ever seen. He does not attempt minute history; but a few glowing dashes of the brush sets all the most striking parts of the scene most wonderfully before us. We make room for two passages—The Battle of Dresden and the conflict of Hohenlinden. They are no more striking than many others, but are sufficient to show with what kind of a pen Mr. Headley writes:—

BATTLE OF DRESDEN.

“On the evening of their approach, St. Cyr wrote to Napoleon the following letter:—*Dresden, 23d Aug., 1813; ten at night.*”

At five this afternoon the enemy approached Dresden, after having driven in our cavalry. We expected an attack this evening; but probably it will take place to-morrow. Your Majesty knows better than I do, what time it requires for heavy artillery to beat down enclosure walls and palisades.

The next night, at midnight, he despatched another to him, announcing an immediate attack, and closing up with “We are determined to do all in our power; but I can answer for nothing more with such young soldiers.” Immediately on the reception of the first letter, Napoleon surrendered his command to Macdonald, and turned his face towards Dresden. Murat was despatched in hot haste, to announce his arrival and re-assure the besieged. In the middle of his guards, which had marched nearly thirty miles a day since the commencement of the war, he took the road to the city.

“To revive his sinking troops, he ordered twenty thousand bottles of wine to be distributed among them, but not three thousand could be procured. He, however, marched all next day, having dispatched a messenger to the besieged to ascertain the exact amount of danger. Said Napoleon, to the messenger Gourgaud, ‘Set out immediately for Dresden, ride as hard as you can, and be there this evening—see St. Cyr, the King of Naples, and the King of Saxony—encourage every one. Tell them I can be in Dresden to-morrow with forty thousand men, and the day following with my whole army. At day-break visit the outposts and redoubts—consult the commander of engineers as to whether they can hold out. Hurry back to me to-morrow at Stolpen, and bring a full report of St. Cyr's and Murat's opinion as to the real state of things.’ Away dashed Gourgaud in hot speed, while the Emperor hurried on his exhausted army. Gourgaud did not wait till day-break before he returned. He found everything on the verge of ruin—the allied army was slowly enveloping the devoted city, and when, at dark, he issued forth from the gates, the whole summer heavens were glowing with the light of their bivouac fires, while a burning village near by, threw a still more baleful light over the scene. Spurring his panting steed through the gloom, he at midnight burst in a fierce gallop into the squares of the Old Guard, and was immediately ushered into the presence of the anxious Emperor. The report confirmed his worst fears. At daybreak the weary soldiers were roused from their repose, and though they had marched a hundred and twenty miles in four days, pressed cheerfully forward; for already the distant sound of heavy cannonading was borne by on the morning breeze. At eight in the morning, Napoleon and the advanced guard, reached an elevation that overlooked the whole plain in which the city lay embosomed; and lo! what a sublime yet terrific sight met their gaze. The whole valley was filled with marching columns, preparing for an assault; while the beams of the morning sun were sent back from countless helmets and bayonets that moved and shook in their light. Here and there volumes of smoke told where the batteries were firing, while the heavy cannonading rolled like thunder over the hills. There, too, was the French army, twenty thousand strong, packed behind the redoubts, yet appearing like a single regiment in the midst of the host that enveloped them. Courier after courier, riding as for life, kept dashing into the presence of the Emperor, bidding him make haste if he would save the city. A few hours would settle its fate. Napoleon, leaving his guard to follow on, drove away in a furious gallop, while a cloud of dust along the road, alone told where his carriage was whirling onward. As he approached the gates, the Russian batteries swept the road with such a deadly fire, that he was compelled to leave his carriage and crawl along on his hands and knees over the ground, while the cannon balls whistled in an incessant shower above him.

“Suddenly and unannounced, as if he had fallen from the clouds, he appeared at the Royal Palace, where the King of Saxony was deliberating on the terms of capitulation. Waiting for no rest, he took a single page so as not to attract the enemy's fire, and went forth to visit the outer works. So near had the enemy approached, that the youth by his side was struck down by a spent musket ball. Having finished his inspection, and settled his plans, he returned to the Palace, and hurried off couriers to the different portions of the army that were advancing by forced marches towards the city. First, the indomitable guards and the brave cuirassiers, eager for the onset, came pouring in furious haste over the bridge. The overjoyed inhabitants stood by the streets, and offered them food and drink; but though weary, hungry and thirsty, the brave fellows refused to take either, and hurried onward towards the storm that was ready to burst on their companions. At ten o'clock the troops commenced entering the city—infantry, cavalry and artillery pouring forward with impetuous speed—till there appeared to be no end to the rushing thousands. Thus, without cessation, did the steady columns arrive all day long, and were still hurrying in, when at four o'clock the attack commenced. The batteries that covered the heights around the city opened their terrible fire, and in a moment Dresden became the target of three hundred cannon, all trained upon her devoted buildings. Then commenced one of war's wildest scenes. St. Cyr replied with his artillery, and thunder answered thunder, as if the hot August afternoon was ending in a real storm of heaven. Balls fell in an incessant shower in the city, while the blazing bombs traversing the sky, hung for a moment like messengers of death over the streets, and then dropped with an explosion that shook the ground, among the frightened inhabitants. Amid the shrieks of the wounded, and the stern language of command, was heard the heavy rumbling of the artillery and ammunition wagons through the streets; and in the intervals, the steady tramp of the marching columns, still hastening to the work of death—while over all, as if to drown all; like successive thunder-claps where the lightning falls nearest, spoke the fierce batteries that were exploding on each other. But the confusion and death and terror that reigned through the city, as the burning buildings shot their flames heavenward, were not yet complete. The inhabitants had fled to their cellars to escape the balls and shells that came rushing every moment through their dwellings; and amid the hurry and bustle of the arriving armies, and their hasty tread along the streets, and the roll of drums, and rattling of armor, and clangor of trumpets, and thunder of artillery, the signal was given for the assault—three cannon shots from the heights of Raechnitz. The next moment six massive columns, with 50 cannon at their head, began to move down the slopes—pressing straight for the city. The muffled sound of their heavy, measured tread was heard within the walls, as in dead silence and awful majesty they moved steadily forward upon the batteries.

“It was a sight to strike terror into the heart of the boldest, but St. Cyr marked their advance with the calmness of a fearless soul and firmly awaited the onset that even Napoleon trembled to behold. No sooner did they come within the range of artillery than the ominous silence was broken by its deafening roar. In a moment the heights about the city were in a blaze; the fifty cannon at the head of these columns belched forth fire and smoke; and amid the charging infantry, the bursting of shells, the rolling fire of musketry, and the explosion of hundreds of cannon, St. Cyr received the shock. For two hours did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity. The plain was covered with dead—the suburbs were overwhelmed with assailants, and ready to yield every moment—the enemy's batteries were playing within fifteen rods of the ramparts—the axes of the pioneers were heard on the gates; and shouts, and yells, and execrations rose over the walls of the city. The last of St. Cyr's reserve were in the battle, and had been for half an hour, and Napoleon began to tremble for his army. But at half past six, in the hottest of the fight, the Young Guard arrived, shouting as they came, and were received in return with shouts by the army, that for a moment drowned the roar of battle. Then Napoleon's brow cleared up, and St. Cyr, for the first time, drew a sigh of relief.

“The gates were thrown open, and the impetuous Ney, with the invincible Guard, poured through one like a resistless torrent on the foe, followed soon after by Murat, with his headlong cavalry. Mortier sallied forth from another; and the Young Guard, though weary and travel-worn, burst with loud cheers on the chief redoubt—which, after flowing in blood, had been wrested from the French—and swept it like a tornado.

“Those six massive columns, thinned and riddled through, recoiled before this fierce onset, like the waves when they meet a rock; and slowly surged back from the walls. In the mean time, dark and heavy clouds began to roll up the scorching heavens, and the distant roll of thunder mingled with the roar of artillery. Men had turned this hot August afternoon into a battle-storm, and now the elements were to end it with a fight of their own. In the midst of the deepening gloom, the allies, now for the first time aware that the Emperor was in the city, drew off their troops for the night. The rain came down as if the clouds were falling, drenching the living and dead armies; yet Napoleon, heedless of the storm, and knowing what great results depended upon the next day's action, was seen hurrying on foot through the streets to the bridge, over which he expected the corps of Marmont and Victor to arrive. With anxious heart he stood and listened, till the heavy tread of their advancing columns through the darkness relieved his suspense; and then, as they began to pour over the bridge, he hastened back, and traversing the city, passed out at the other side, and visited the entire lines that were formed without the walls. The bivouac fires shed a lurid light over the field, and he came at every step upon heaps of corpses, while groans and lamentations issued from the gloom in every direction; for thousands of wounded, uncovered and unburied, lay exposed to the storm, dragging out the weary night in pain. Early in the morning, Napoleon was on horseback, and rode out to the army. Taking his place beside a huge fire that was blazing and crackling in the centre of the Old Guard, he issued his orders for the day. Victor was on the right; the resistless Ney on the left, over the Young Guard, while St. Cyr and Marmont were in the centre, which Napoleon commanded in person.

“The rain still fell in torrents, and the thick mist shrouded the field as if to shut out the ghastly spectacle its bosom exhibited. The cannonading soon commenced, but with little effect, as the mists concealed the armies from each other. A hundred and sixty thousand of the allies, stretched in a huge semicircle along the heights, while Napoleon, with a hundred and thirty thousand in a plain below, was waiting the favorable moment in which to commence the attack. At length the battle opened on the right, where a fierce struggle was heard as Victor pressed firmly against an Austrian battery. Suddenly, Napoleon heard a shock like a falling mountain. While Victor was engaging the enemy in front, Murat, unperceived in the thick mist, had stolen around to the rear, and without a note of warning, burst with twelve thousand cavalry on the enemy. He rode straight through their broken lines trampling under foot the dead and dying. Ney was

equally successful on the left, and as the mists lifted, it showed the allied wings both driven back. The day wore away in blood—carts, loaded with the wounded, moved in a constant stream into the city; but the French were victorious at all points: and when night again closed over the scene, the allied armies had decided to retreat."

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

"The Iser and the Inn as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain covered chiefly with a sombre, dark pine forest—crossed by two roads only—while the mere country paths that wind through it here and there give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

"The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into this gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden—the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side, made their way through, amid the trees as they best could.

"It was a stormy December morning when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow-storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead dropped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery-wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow, sifting, over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery, and ammunition and baggage-wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came, about nine o'clock, upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain, when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjean, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they took aim at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in twoklike reeds by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with the flowing blood. In the mean time Richempanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three thousand men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and saw the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he ordered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight composed, in part, that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

"The depths of the dark forest swallowed the struggling hosts from sight; but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells, mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowds of fugitives into the woods—the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away—and that magnificent column, as sent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest, and the pine trees again stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around."

Nothing is more striking, as we read these sketches, than Bonaparte's wonderful superiority, on the whole, to all his Marshals put together. Yet some of them were remarkable men, and possessed among them some remarkable qualities. Mr. Headly has not always dwelt as long on their individual characters as he might, but whenever he has chosen to extend his portraits, he is very felicitous. We will give, as an instance, his fine characterization of Soult, and with it will take leave of these volumes, with the remark, that every one who has a library should add them to his shelves.

"Marshal Soult had less genius but more intellect than most of the distinguished French Marshals. He had none of that high chivalric feeling which so frequently bore them triumphantly over the battle-field, but he had in its place, a clear, sound judgment, and a fearless heart. It required no thunder of cannon to clear his ideas—his thoughts were always clear, and his hand ever ready to strike. He depended on the conclusion of reason rather than on the inspiration of genius for victory. He calculated the chances beforehand, and when his purpose was taken, it was no ordinary obstacle or danger that could shake it. Such men as Murat, and Launes, and Augereau, relied very much on the enthusiasm of their soldiers, and the power which intense excitement always imparts. Soult, on the contrary, on the discipline of his troops, and the firmness and steadiness it gives, either in assault or retreat; and hence, when left alone, could be depended on as an able and efficient general. Though impetuous as a storm in the early part of his life, it was the impetuosity of youth, rather than of character; and one familiar with his career, ever thinks of him as the stern and steady Soult. He was more of an Englishman in his natural character, and succeeded better than most of the other French generals when opposed to English troops. But though methodical and practical in all his plans, he knew the value of a headlong charge, and could make it. Still, he does not seem to rise with the danger that surrounds him, but rather meets it with the firmness of one who has settled beforehand that it shall not overcome him.

"He did not possess that versatility of genius which enabled Bonaparte so frequently to turn his very defeats into victory—he depended rather on the strength and terror of the blow he had planned—and if that failed, it

became him to pause before he gave another. Like the lion, he measured his leap before he took it, and if he fell short, measured it over again. But with all this coolness and forethought, his blow was sometimes sudden and deadly as a falling thunderbolt. A more prompt and decisive man in action was not to be found in the army. As cool amid the falling ranks and fire of three hundred cannon as on a parade, his onset was nevertheless a most terrible thing to meet. He carried such an iron will with him into the battle, and disputed every inch of ground with such tenacity of purpose, that the courage of the boldest gave way before him. Though he performed perhaps fewer *personal* heroic deeds than many others, he also committed fewer faults. After seeing him a few times in battle, one unconsciously gets such an opinion of his invincibility, that he never sees his columns moving to the assault, without expecting sudden victory, or one of the most terrific struggles to which brave men are ever exposed. We do not expect the pomp and splendor of one of Murat's charges of cavalry, nor the majesty of Ney's mighty columns, as he hurls them on the foe; but the firm step, and stern purpose, and resistless onset of one who lets his naked deeds report his power. Soult's eye measured a battle-field with the correctness of Napoleon's, and his judgment was as good upon a drawn battle as upon a victory. Not having those fluctuations of feeling to which more excitable temperaments are subject, a defeat produced no discouragement, and hence a victory gave the enemy no moral power over him. It was singular to see in what a matter-of-fact way he took a beating, and how little his confidence in himself was destroyed by the greatest disasters. A man that is not humbled or rendered fearful by defeat, can never be conquered till he is slain."

N. Y. American Review for July.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD AND THE CLAPTON CLUB.

The gentlemen of the Clapton Club and the members of the University met for the first time on Cowley Marsh, on Thursday the 4th instant. The ground was in excellent condition, but it proved almost too hard for the long stops on either side, which will account for the number being obtained. The Clapton gentlemen were the first to commence batting, and after losing their first wicket for one run only, they set to work in good earnest, for, on the second wicket falling, the number of runs obtained amounted to 19, and before another was lowered, that number was increased to 31. The batting was excellent throughout the innings, and on the last gentleman being out the score amounted to 141. Mr. H. Austin made an excellent innings, hitting and stopping with judgement, until he was finally bowled by a tiercer from Mr. Soames. Mr. George batted in his usual skillful manner, and triumphantly brought out his bat with a score of 19. Messrs. Nickelson and Gibson also made very good bowling, as did Mr. Edmonds, who for a splendid hit obtained five runs. The bowling, although so large a score was made from it, was given with much judgment and precision, only four wide balls having been bowled during the innings. On the Oxonians going in, the first four were put out for 16 runs only, when Messrs. Williams and Honeywood came to the rescue, and right merrily they ran up the score, until it amounted to 74 before they were parted, the former making 28 and the latter 16. On these two gentlemen retiring, steady batting was the order of the day, and runs consequently were obtained slowly, for on the last man going in, only 20 more had been added. This state of things Messrs. C. Ridding and Dalton soon altered; the brilliant batting of the former and the steady hitting and blocking of the latter, gave their opponents in the field a considerable deal of trouble, nearly every ball telling on the score, until Mr. Ridding lost his stump by a regular bailer from Mr. Davies; his score amounted to 32, consisting of three fours, five threes, two pair of twos, and two single runs. Mr. Dalton brought out his bat with a score of three threes, and a single run, which made the first innings amount to 145, being four more than that of their opponents. This finished the first day's play. The game was resumed on Friday, when, although the Clapton Club made a long stand against the bowling of Messrs. Yonge, Loch, and Soames, (the two latter changed) their batting was nothing like so effective as on the previous day. The play of Mr. George was most excellent, but so terrific was the bowling of the opposite party, that it was with difficulty he could get the ball away, and after scoring 16, the longest hands this innings, he was caught by Mr. Dalton's long stop. Mr. Craven, after being at the wicket nearly an hour, contributed ten, and Mr. Davies, who is generally a successful hitter, was at the wicket nearly the same time and scored nine. The score, at the conclusion of the innings, was 85, leaving the Oxonians 82 to win (during this innings only one wide ball was bowled); this they easily accomplished with the assistance of the byes and wide balls (24) with six bats. The Oxonians were consequently winners with five wickets to go down; the play throughout was excellent, and it is difficult to say which was most worthy of admiration, the batting, bowling, or fielding.

CLAPTON.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
Craven, b. Yonge	0	b. Yonge	10
Gibson, b. Loch	16	b. Yonge	6
Austen, run out	9	b. Soames	3
Davies, b. Yonge	3	c. Dalton, b. Yonge	9
H. Austen, b. Soames	24	b. Yonge	0
Trist, b. Yonge	2	c. Loch, b. Yonge	11
Gordon, b. Yonge	10	run out	5
Nicholson, b. Yonge	18	b. Yonge	5
Trail, b. Loch	4	b. Soames	3
A. K. George, not out	19	c. Dalton, b. Yonge	16
Edmonds, run out	14	not out	4
Byes, wide and no balls	23	Byes and no balls	13
Total	141	Total	85

UNIVERSITY.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
H. C. T. Hildyard, b. H. Austen	1	b. Craven	3
B. G. Bateman, c. Trist, b. Craven	8	b. Craven	3
S. Soames, b. Craven	3		
V. C. Smith, b. H. Austen	1	run out	14
P. Williams, b. Craven	28	run out	20
B. Honeywood, b. Craven	16	b. H. Austen	8
C. Yonge, b. Gordon	3		
C. Ridding, b. Davies	32		
A. Ridding, b. Gordon	5		
C. F. R. Loch, b. Gordon	0		
Dalton, not out	10	b. H. Austen	13
Byes and wide balls	38	Byes and wide balls	24
Total	145	Total	84

MODERN PAINTERS.

By a Graduate of Oxford.—Smith and Elder.

Some years ago a volume with the same or a similar title was given to the public. It was well received, and deserved its reception, for the subject was interesting, the language vigorous, and the view original. The author, after having revisited the great scene of the revival of Art, and reinforced his conceptions by additional inquiry, now comes forward again with additional force, and, we must hope, with still higher effect on public taste. He is fortunate in directing his attention in the present volume from the individual artist to the Art itself—from the imaginative exploits of one English pencil to the trophies of the Italian schools; and, instead of exhibiting his facilities of embellishing any topic within the power of an eloquent pen, to examining and elucidating those principles which, implanted in the original nature of man, remain to be raised into reality and splendour by the pencil of genius, age after age.

The author announces himself as a theorist—as looking for all the elevation of Art in the elevation of its theory, as studiously withdrawing his eye from all the minor realities of things, and fixing it upon the boundless pomp and inexhaustible lustres of imagination.

Yet, whether painting is the wing on which the mind is to soar highest in this brilliant exploration we strongly doubt. Painting is in its nature imitative. It has the still stronger drawback of manual difficulty. The toil of years is demanded before even the most glowing genius can venture to embody its conceptions on the canvas; and this toil must partially be exerted even to the last. The greatest artists that the world has ever seen have felt the drudgery of the easel, in the tardiness of transmitting their then thoughts to the eye; the most vivid have complained of the feebleness of its means; the most original have suffered the deepest disappointment in its imperfect reality.

That painting is a high source of intellectual pleasure is unquestioned; that it helps to sustain recollections of beauty and fondness, and wonder and love, is beyond doubt; and that its extinction would deprive the world of one of the most pleasing relaxations of that most potent of all our senses, the power of vision, the world have acknowledged since the first use of the pencil. But if we allow its faculty of sustaining noble conceptions, and this would be worthy of honour, we are compelled to doubt its supposed faculty of creating the higher order of aspirations in the mind.

We look for this evidence in Scripture pictures. Take, for instance, the Crucifixion. In that mighty event the mind concentrates all that Nature and Inspiration can combine to impress the feelings and awaken the homage of man. The divine and human nature in one; the universal sacrifice, the love that stooped from the throne of the universe to submit to the most ignominious of all deaths, for human redemption; the momentary triumph of the Evil Spirit; the contemplation and wonder of the spiritual world fixed on that scene of the most glorious yet most profound abasement; those are the simplest thoughts connected with the idea of the Crucifixion. Yet what is all this when it comes upon the canvas? The pencil shows us a dying man, and can show us no more. It may exhibit a countenance of calm resignation, or of gentle fortitude, or of suppressed anguish, or of torturing pain; but all before us is man. The divinity is not to be embraced by lines and colours; it belongs to a higher province than the rules of art; it defies the pencil; it belongs to a faculty whose language the pencil is too earthly to speak; it is the exclusive agency of the imagination.

On this ground we could almost regret that the pencil ever attempted a scriptural subject. Take, for instance, its display of a miracle. It cannot go beyond the simplest realization of fact. If it represent the commencement of the action the miracle is incomplete and nothing. If it exhibit the close the miracle has ceased, and a human group simply stands before us. But the true achievement is in the operation, in the command, in the going forth of power, and in its reception—all beyond the faculty of the pencil, which can seize but a single moment, and in that moment the spirit of the illustrious transaction has vanished. It is this inevitable feeling of inadequacy which makes the religious mind unwilling to see our churches filled with pictures. No man would object to them if they possessed the actual power of increasing human devotion. But they have no such power; they may attract by their beauty of execution, but they injure the devotional sense by their inadequacy of design; they bring down holy things to the level of earthly, instead of raising earthly to a higher rank. They may indulge connoisseurship, but they cannot touch the conscience. Their grace, facility, and animation may confer honour on the artist, but they utterly disappoint and humiliate the conceptions of the Christian.

In this language, how can we be far from doubting the general views, as none can doubt the general eloquence, of the volume. The fine arts are all noble in their tendency; all increase our intelligent pleasures; all fill up a space in the mind, which, if left vacant, will be worthless, or vain, or vicious; and all belong to the exercise of taste, to the impulse of nature, and to the inspiration of genius.

Our space is too limited for extensive extracts, but we cannot deny our readers (or ourselves) the pleasure of one fervid, true, and feeling passage:—

“Man's use and function (and let him who will not grant me this follow me no further, for this I purpose always to assume) is, to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and just sense of the word, useful to us. Pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly for us. But things that always help me to exist are, in a secondary and mean sense, useful, or rather, if they be looked for alone, they are useless, and worse, for it would be better that we should not exist than that we should guiltily disappoint the purposes of existence.

“And yet people speak in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses, and lands, and food, and raiment were alone useful, and as if light thoughts and admiration were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves Utilitarians who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables—men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment more than the body; who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vinedressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind and the grapes they crush better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew and the water they draw are better than the pine forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like His eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher, that, though God hath made everything beautiful in His time, also He hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.”

We find those views reinforced with still more effective illustration:—

“This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence, in their infancy,

their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the suffering comes the serious mind; out of the salvation, the grateful heart; out of the endurance, the fortitude; out of the deliverance, the faith; but now, when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of their rest, evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood, though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart, though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others, and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also, a fear greater than of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be withdrawn, because the bread is given, and the water sure; that gratitude to him may cease, because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full position of the world; that selfishness may take the place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words and foulness of dark thoughts to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine; the trio colours its agitation, the host fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest becomes not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty; but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust.”

A RUSTIC MISER AND HIS ESTABLISHMENT.

FROM CARLETON'S "BLACK PROPHECY."

There are to be found in Ireland, and, we presume, in all other countries, a class of hardened wretches, who look forward to a period of dearth as to one of great gain and advantage, and who contrive, by exercising the most heartless and diabolical principles, to make the sickness, famine, and general desolation which scourge their fellow-creatures so many sources of successful extortion and rapacity, and consequently of gain to themselves. These are Country Misers or Money-lenders, who are remarkable for keeping meal until the arrival of what is termed a hard year, or a dear summer, when they sell it out at enormous or usurious prices, and who, at all times, and under all circumstances, dispose of it only at terms dictated by their own griping spirit, and the crying necessity of the unhappy purchasers.

The houses and places of such persons are always remarkable for a character in their owners of hard and severe serving, which at a first glance has the appearance of that rare virtue in our country, called frugality—a virtue which, upon a closer inspection, is found to be nothing with them but selfishness, sharpened up into the most unscrupulous avarice and penury.

About half a mile from the residence of the Sullivans, lived a remarkable man of this class, named Darby Skinadre. In appearance he was lank and sallow, with a long, thin, parched looking face, and a miserable crop of yellow beard, which no one could pronounce as any thing else than ‘a dead failure;’ added to this were two piercing ferret eyes, always sore and fiery, and with a tear standing in each, or trickling down his fleshless cheeks; so that, to persons disposed to judge only from appearances, he looked very like a man in a state of perpetual repentance for his transgressions, or, what was still farther from the truth, who felt a most Christian sympathy with the distresses of the poor. In his house, and about it, there was much, no doubt, to be commended, for there was much to mark the habits of the saving man. Every thing was neat and clean, not so much from any innate love of neatness and cleanliness, as because these qualities were economical in themselves. His ploughs and farming implements were all snugly laid up, and covered, lest they might be injured by exposure to the weather; and his house was filled with large chests and wooden hog-heads, trampled hard with oatmeal, which, as they were never opened unless during the time of famine, had their joints and crevices festooned by innumerable mealy-looking cobwebs, which description of ornament extended to the dresser itself, where they might be seen upon most of the cold-looking shelves, and those neglected utensils, that in other families are mostly used for food. His haggard was also remarkable for having in it, throughout all the year, a remaining stack or two of oats or wheat, or perhaps one or two large ricks of hay, tanned by the sun of two or three summers into a tawny hue—each or all kept in the hope of a failure and a famine.

In a room from the kitchen, he had a beam, a pair of scales, and a set of weights, all of which would have been vastly improved by a visit from the lord-mayor, had our meal-monger lived under the jurisdiction of that civic gentleman. He was seldom known to use metal weights when disposing of his property; in lieu of these he always used round stones, which, upon the principle of the Scottish proverb, that ‘many a little makes a muckle,’ he must have found a very beneficial mode of transacting business.

If any thing could add to the iniquity of his principles, as a plausible but most unscrupulous cheat, it was the hypocritical prostitution of the sacred name and character of religion to his own fraudulent impositions upon the poor and the distressed. Outwardly, and to the eyes of men, he was proverbially strict and scrupulous in the observation of its sanctions, but outrageously severe and unsparing upon all who appeared to be influenced either by a negligent or worldly spirit, or who omitted the least tittle of its forms. Religion and its duties, therefore, were perpetually in his mouth, but never with such apparent zeal and sincerity as when enforcing his most heartless and hypocritical exactions upon the honest and struggling creatures whom necessity or neglect had driven into his meshes.

Such was Darby Skinadre; and certain we are that the truth of the likeness we have given of him will be at once recognised by our readers as that of the roguish hypocrite, whose rapacity is the standing curse of half the villages of the country, especially during seasons of distress, or failure of crops.

Skinadre, on the day we write of, was reaping a rich harvest from the miseries of the unhappy people. In a lower room of his house, to the right of the kitchen as you entered it, he stood over his scales, weighing out with a dishonest and parsimonious hand, the scanty pittance which poverty enabled the wretched creatures to purchase from him; and in order to give them a favourable impression of his piety, and consequently of his justice, he had placed against the wall a delf crucifix, with a semicircular receptacle at the bottom of it for holding holy water. This was as much as to say ‘how could I cheat you with the image of our Blessed Redeemer before my eyes to remind me of my duty, and to teach me, as he did, to love my fellow-creatures!’ And with many of the simple people, he actually succeeded in making the impression he wished; for they could not conceive it possible, that any principle, however rapacious, could drive a man to the practice of such sarilegious imposture.

Skinadre, thin and mealy, with his coat off, but wearing a waistcoat to which were attached flannel sleeves, was busily engaged in the agreeable task of ad-

ministering to their necessities. We shall take the liberty of introducing him to the reader, and allow honest Skindre to speak for himself.

"They're beggars—thin three—that woman and her two childhre; still my heart bleeds for them, bekase we should love our neighbours as ourselves; but I have given away as much meal in charity, an' me can so badly afford it, as would—I can't now, indeed, my poor woman! Sick—throth they look sick, an' you look sick yourself. Here, Paddy Lenahan, help that woman an' her two poor childhre out of that half bushel of meal you've got; you won't miss a handful for God's sake."

This he said to a poor man who had just purchased some oat meal from him; for Skindre was one of those persons who, however he may have neglected works of mercy himself, took great delight in encouraging others to perform them.

"Troth it's not at your desire I do it, Darby," replied the man; "but bekase she an' they wants it, God help them. Here, poor creature, take this for the honour of God; an' I'm only sorry, for both our sakes, that I can't do more."

"Well, Jemmy Duggan," proceeded the miser, addressing a new comer, "what's the news wid you? They're hard times, Jemmy; we all know that an' feel it too, an' yet we live, most of us, as if there wasn't a God to punish us."

"At all events," replied the man, "we feel what sufferin' is now, God help us! Between hunger and sickness, the country was never in sich a state within the memory of man. What in the name o' God, will become of the poor people, I know not. The Lord pity them an' relieve them!"

"Amen, amen, Jemmy! Well, Jemmy, can I do any thing for you? Bot, Jemmy, in regard of that, the truth is, we have brought all these scourges on us by our sins and our transgressions; them that sins, Jemmy, must suffer."

"There's no one denyin' it Darby; but you're axin' me can you do anything for me, an' my answer to that is, that you can, if you like."

"Ah! Jemmy, you wor ever an' always a wild, heedless, heerum-skeerum rake, that never was likely to do much good; little religion ever rested on you, an' now I'm afraid no sign's on it."

"Well, well, who's widout sin! I'm sure I'm not. What I want is, to know if you'll credit me for a hundred of meal till the times mends a thrife. I have the six o' them at home widout their dinner this day, an' must go widout it, if you refuse me. When the harvest comes round, I'll pay you."

"Jemmy, you owe three half-years' rent; an' as for the harvest an' what it'll bring, only jist look at the day that's in it. It goes to my heart to refuse you, poor man; but, Jemmy, you see that you have brought this on yourself. If you had been an industrious man, an' minded your religion, you wouldn't be as you are now. Six you have at home, you say!"

"Ay, not to spake of the woman an' myself. I know you won't refuse them, Darby, bekase if we're hard pushed now, it's a most every body's case as well as mine. Be what I may, you know I'm honest."

"I don't doubt your honesty, Jemmy; but, Jemmy, if I sell my meal to a man that can pay and wont, or if I sell my meal to a man that would pay and cant, by which do I lose most? There it is, Jemmy—think o' that now. Six in family, you say?"

"Six in family, wid the woman an' myself."

"The sorra man livin' feels more for you than I do, an' I would let you have the meal if I could; but the truth is, I'm makin' up my rent—an', Jemmy, I lost so much last year by my own foolish good nature, an' I gave away so much on trust, that now I'm brought to a hard pass myself. Though I'll fret enough this night for havin' to refuse you. I know it was rash of me to make the promise I did; but still, God forbid that ever any man should be able to throw it in my face, an' say that Darby Skindre ever broke his promise."

"What promise?"

"Why never to sell a pound of meal on trust."

"God help us, then!—for what to do or where to go I don't know."

"It goes to my heart, Jemmy, to refuse you—six in family, an' the two of yourselves. Throth it does, to my very heart itself; but stay, maybe we may manage it. You have no money, you say?"

"No money now, but wont be long so, please God."

"Well, but haven't you value of any kind!—sure, God help them, they cant starve, poor creatures—the Lord pity them!"

Here he wiped away a drop of villanous rheum which ran down his cheek, and he did it with such an appearance of sympathy, that almost any one would have imagined it was a tear of compassion for the distresses of the poor man's family.

"Oh! no, they cant starve. Have you no value of any kind, Jemmy!—no'er a beast now, or any thing that way?"

"Why, there's a young heifer; but I'm strugglin' to keep it to help me in the rent. I was obliged to sell my pig long ago, for I had no way of feeding it."

"Well, bring me the heifer, Jemmy, an' I won't let the crathurs starve. We'll see what can be done when it comes here. An' now, Jemmy, let me ax if you want to hear mass on last Sunday?"

"Throth I didn't like to go in this trim. Peggy has a web of frieze half made this good while; it'll be finished some time, I hope."

"Ah! Jemmy, Jemmy, it's no wonder the world's the way it is, for indeed there's little thought of God or religion in it. You passed last Sunday like a haythen, an' now see how you stand to-day for the same."

"You'll let me bring some of the meal home wid me now," said the man; "the poor cratures tasted hardly anything to-day, yet, an' they wor cryin' when I left home. I'll come back wid the heifer full but. Throth they're in outhier misery, Darby."

"Poor things!—an' no wonder, wid sich a haythen of a father; but, Jemmy, bring the heifer here first till I look at it, an' the sooner you bring it here the sooner they'll have relief, the crathurs."

It is not our intention to follow up this iniquitous bargain any farther; it is enough to say that the heifer passed from Jemmy's possession into his, at about the fourth part of its value.

"Ah, then, Harry Hackett," said he, passing to another, "how are you! an' how are you all over in Derryloony, Harry! not forgettin' the ould couple?"

"Throth middlin' only, Darby. My fine boy, Denis, is down wid this illness, an' I'm wantin' a barrel of meal from you till towards Christmas."

"Come inside, Harry, to this little nest here, till I tell you something: an', by the way, let your father know I've got a new prayer that he'll like to learn, for it's he that's the pious man, an' attends to his duties—may God enable him! and every one that has the devotion in the right place; *amen a Chiernak!*"

He then brought Hackett into a little out-shot behind the room in which the scales were, and shutting the door, thus proceeded in a sweet, confidential kind of whisper—

"You see, Harry, what I'm goin' to say to you is what I'd not say to e'er an-

other in the parish, the devil a one—God pardon me for swearin'—*amen a Chiernak!* I'm ruined all out—smashed down an' broke horse and foot; there's the Slevins that wint to America, an' I lost more than thirty pounds by them."

"I thought," replied Hackett, "they paid you before they went; they were always a daicent and an honest family, an' I never heard any one spake an ill word o' them."

"Not a penny, Harry."

"That's odd, then, bekase it was only Sunday three weeks that Murty Slevin, their cousin, if you remember, made you acknowledge that they paid you, at the chapel green."

"Ay, an' I do acknowledge; bekaise, Harry, one may as well spake charitably of the absent as not; it's only in private to you that I'm lettin' out the truth."

"Well, well," exclaimed the other, rather impatiently, "what have they to do wid us?"

"Ay have they; it was what I lost by them an' others—see now don't be gettin' impatient, I bid you—time enough for that when you're refused—that prevint me from bein' able to give credit as I'd wish. I'm not refusin' you, Harry; but *achora*, listen: you'll bring me your bill at two months, only I must charge you a thrife for trust, for chances, or profit an' loss, as the schoolmaster says; but you're to keep it a saicret from livin' mortual, bekaise if it 'ud get known in these times that I'd do sich a thing, I'd have the very flesh ait off o' my bones by others wantin' the same thing; bring me the bill, then, Harry, an' I'll fill it up myself, only *be dhe hush* about it."

Necessity forces those who are distressed to comply with many a rapacious condition of the kind, and the consequence was that Hackett did what the pressure of the time compelled him to do, passed his bill to Skindre at a most usurious price, for the food which was so necessary to his family.

A woman now entered, whose appearance excited general sympathy, as was evident from the subdued murmurs of compassion which were breathed from the persons assembled, as soon as she entered the room. There was something about her, which, in spite of her thin and worn dress, intimated a consciousness of a position, either then or at some previous time, above that of the common description of farmer's wives. No one could mistake her for a highly-educated woman, but there was in her appearance that decency of manner resulting from habits of independence and from moral feeling, which at a first glance, whether it be accompanied by superior dress or not, indicates something which is felt to entitle its proprietor to unquestionable respect. The miser, when she entered, had been putting away the dish of butter into the outshot we have mentioned, so that he had not yet an opportunity of seeing her, and ere he returned to the scales another female possessing probably not less interest to the reader presented herself—this was Mave or Mabel, the young and beautiful daughter of the pious and hospitable Jerry Sullivan.

Skindre on perceiving the matron who preceded her, paused for a moment, and looked at her with a wince in his thin features which might be taken for an indication of either pleasure or pain. He closed the sympathetic eye, and wiped it—but this not seeming to satisfy him, he then closed both, and blew his nose with a little skeleton mealy handkerchief, that lay on a sack beside him for the purpose.

"Hem—a hem! why thin, Mrs. Dalton, it isn't to my poor place I expected you would come."

"Darby," she replied, "there is no use for any length of conversation between you and me—I'm here contrary to the wishes of my family—but I am a mother, an' cannot look upon their destitution without feeling that I shouldn't allow my pride to stand between them and death—we are starving, I mean, *they* are, and I'm come to you to ask for credit—if we are ever able to pay you, we will; if not, it's only one good act done to a family that often did many to you when they thought you grateful."

"I'm the worst in the world—I'm the worst in the world," replied Skindre; "but it wasn't till I knew that you'd be put out o' your farm that I offered for it, and now you've taken away my correcter, and spoke ill o' me every where, an' said I bid for it over your heads—ay, indeed; an' that it was your husband that sot me up, by the way—oh, yes—an' supposin' it was—an' I'm not denyin' it, but is that any reason that I'd not bid for a good farm, when I knew that yez 'ud be put out of it?"

"I am now spakin' about the distress of our family," said Mrs. Dalton, "you know that sickness has been among us, an' is among us—poor Tom is just able to be up, but that's all!"

"Throth an' it 'ud be well for you all, an' for himself too, that he had been taken away afore he comes to a bad end, what he *will* come to, if God hasn't said it—I hope he feels the affliction he brought on poor Ned Murray an' his family by the hand he made of his unfortunate daughter."

"He does feel it. The death of her brother and their situation has touched his heart, and he's only waitin' for better health and better times to do her justice; but now, what answer do you give me?"

"Why, this: I'm harrished by what I've done for every one—an'—an'—the short and the long of it is, that I've neither male nor money to throw away. I couldn't afford it, and I can't. I'm a rogue, Mrs. Dalton—a miser, an extortioner, an ungrateful knave, an' every thing that's bad an' worse than another—an' for that reason, I say, I have neither male nor money to throw away. That's what I'd say if I was angry; but I'm not angry. I do feel for you an' them; still, I can't afford to do what you want, or I'd do it, for I like to do good for evil, bad as I am. I'm strivin' to make up my rent, an' to pay an unlucky bill that I have due to-morrow, and doesn't know where the money's to come from to meet both."

"Mave Sullivan, achora, what can I—"

Mr. Dalton, from her position in the room, could not have noticed the presence of Mave Sullivan, but even had she been placed otherwise, it would have been somewhat difficult to get a glimpse at the young creature's face. Deeply did she participate in the sympathy which was felt for the mother of her lover, and so naturally delicate were her feelings, that she had drawn up the hood of her cloak, lest the other might have felt the humiliation to which Mave's presence must have exposed her by the acknowledgment of their distress. Neither was this all the gentle and generous girl had to suffer. She experienced, in her own person, as well as Mrs. Dalton did, the painful sense of degradation which necessity occasions, by a violation of that hereditary spirit of decent pride and independence which the people consider as the *prestige* of high respect, and which, even whilst it excites compassion and sympathy, is looked upon, to a certain extent, as diminished by even a temporary visitation of poverty. When the meal-man, therefore, addressed her, she unconsciously threw the hood of her cloak back, and disclosed to the spectators a face burning with blushes, and eyes filled with tears. The tears, however, were for the distress of Mrs. Dalton and her family, and the blushes for the painful circumstances which com-

pelled her at once to witness them, and to expose those which were felt under her own care-worn father's roof. Mrs. Dalton, however, on looking round and perceiving what seemed to be an ebullition merely of natural shame, went over to her with a calm but mournful manner, that amounted almost to dignity.

"Dear Mave," said she, "there is nothing here to be ashamed of. God forbid that the struggle of an honest family with poverty should bring a blot upon your good name or mine. It does not, nor it will not—so dry your tears, my darlin' girl—there are better times before us all, I trust. Darby Skindare," she added, turning to the miser, "you are both hard-hearted and ungrateful, or you would remember, in our distress, the kindness we showed you in yours. If you can cleanse your conscience from the stain of ingratitude, it must be by a change of life."

"Whatever stain may be on my ongrateful conscience," he replied, turning up his red eyes, as it were with thanksgiving, there's not the stain of blood and murder on it—that's one comfort."

Mrs. Dalton did not seem to hear him, neither did she look in the direction of where he stood. As the words were uttered, she had been in the act of extending her hand to Mave Sullivan, who had her's stretched out to receive it. There now occurred, however, a mutual pause. Her hand was withdrawn, as was that of Mave also, who had suddenly become pale as death.

"God bless you, my darlin' girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalton, sighing, as if with some hidden sorrow—"God bless you and yours, prays my unhappy heart this day!"

And with these words she was about to depart, when Mave, trembling, and much agitated, laid her hand gently and timidly upon hers—adding, in a low, sweet, and tremulous voice—

"My heart is free from that suspicion—I can't tell why—but I don't believe it."

And while she spoke, her small hand gradually caught that of Mrs. Dalton, as a proof that she would not withhold the embrace on that account. Mrs. Dalton returned the pressure, and at the same moment kissed the fair girl's lips, who sobbed a moment or two in her arms, where she threw herself. The other again invoked a blessing upon her head, and walked out, having wiped a few tears from her pale cheeks.

The miser looked upon this exhibition of feeling with some surprise; but as his was not a heart susceptible of the impressions it was calculated to produce, he only said, in a tone of indifference—

"Well, to be sure now, Mave, I didn't expect to see you shakin' hands wid and kissin' Condy Dalton's wife, at any rate—considerin' all that has happened between the families. However, it's good to be forgivin'—I hope it is—indeed, I know that; for it comes almost to a failin' in myself. Well, achora, what am I to do for you?"

"Will you let me speak to you, inside, a minute?" she asked.

"Will I? Why, then, to be sure I will—an' who knows but it's my daughter-in-law I might have you yet, avillish! Yourself and Darby's jist about an age. Come inside ahagur."

Their dialogue was not of very long duration. Skindare, on returning to the scales, weighed two equal portions of oatmeal, for one of which Mave paid him.

"I will either come or send for this," she said, laying her hand upon the one for which she had paid. "If I send any one, I'll give the token I mentioned."

"Very well, a suchar—very well," he replied, "it's for nobody livin' but yourself I'd do it; but sure now that I must begin to coort you for Darby, it won't be aisey to refuse you any thing in raison."

"Mind, then," she observed, as she seized one of the portions, in order to proceed home—"mind," said she, laying her hand upon that which she was leaving behind her—"mind it for this one I have paid you."

"Very well, achora—it makes no differ; sure a kiss o' them red, purty lips o' yours to Darby will pay the inthrest for all."

Two other females now made their appearance, with one of whom our readers are already acquainted. This was no other than the prophet's wife, who had for her companion a woman whom neither she herself nor any one present knew.

"Mave Sullivan, darlin'," exclaimed the former, "I'm glad to see you. Are you goin' home now?"

"I am, Nelly," replied Mave, "just on my step."

"Well, thin, if you stop a minute or two, I'll be part o' the way home wid you. I have somethin' to mention as we go along."

"Very well, then," replied Mave, "make as much haste as you can, Nelly, for I'm in a hurry;" and an expression of melancholy settled upon her countenance as she spoke.

The stranger was a tall, thin woman, much about the age and height of the prophet's wife, but neither so lusty nor vigorous in appearance. She was but indifferently dressed, and though her features had evidently been handsome in her younger days, yet there was now a thin, shrewish expression about the nose, and a sharpness about the compressed lips, and those curves which bounded in her mouth, that betokened much firmness, if not obstinacy of character, joined to a look which might as well be considered an indication of trial and suffering as of a temper naturally none of the best.

On hearing Mave Sullivan's name mentioned, she started, and looked at her keenly, and for a considerable time; after which she asked for a drink of water, which she got in the kitchen, where she sat, as it seemed to rest a little.

Nelly, in the mean time, put her hand in a red, three-cornered pocket that hung by her side, and pulling out a piece of writing, presented it to the meal man. That worthy gentleman, on casting his eyes over it, read as follows:—

"DARBY SKINDARE.—Give Daniel McGowan, otherwise the Black Prophet, any quantity of meal necessary for his own family, which please charge—and you know why—to your friend,

DICK O' THE GRANGE, JUN.

Skindare's face, on perusing this document, was that of a man who felt himself pulled in different directions by something at once mortifying and pleasant. He smiled at first—then bit his lip—winked one eye—then another—looked at the prophet's wife with complacency—but immediately checked himself, and began to look keen and peevish. This, however, appeared to be an error on the other side; and the consequence was, that, after some comical alternations, his countenance settled down into its usual expression.

"Troth," said he, "that same Dick o' the Grange, as he calls himself is a quare young gentleman—as much male as you want—a quare, mad—your family's small, I think?"

"But sharp an' active," she replied, with a hard smile, as of one who cared not for the mirth she made, "as far as we go."

"Ay," said he, abruptly, "devil a much—God pardon me for swearin'—ever they wor good for that had a large appetite. It's a bad sign of either man or woman. There never was a villain hanged yet that didn't ait more to his last breakfast than ever he did at a meal in his life before. How an-ever, one may as well have a friend: so I suppose we must give you a thrifle."

When her portion was weighed out, she and Mave Sullivan left this scene of extortion together, followed by the strange woman, who seemed, as it were, to watch their motions, or at least to feel some particular interest in them.

He had again resumed his place at the scales, and was about to proceed in his exactions, when the door opened and a powerful young man, tall, big boned, and broad-shouldered, entered the room, leading or rather dragging with him the poor young woman and her child, who had just left the place in such bitterness and affliction. He was singularly handsome, and of such resolute and manly bearing, that it was impossible not to mark him as a person calculated to impress one with a strong anxiety to know who and what he might be. On this occasion his cheek was blanched and his eye emitted a turbid fire, which could scarcely be determined as that of indignation or illness.

"Is it thrue," he asked; "that you've dared to refuse this—this—unfor—is it thrue that you've dared to refuse this girl and her starvin' mother the meal she wanted? Is this thrue, you hard-hearted ould scoundrel!—bekaise if it is, by the blessed sky above us, I'll pull the windpipe out of your throat, you infernal miser!"

He seized unfortunate Skindare by the neck, as he spoke, and almost at the same moment, forced him to project his tongue about three inches out of his mouth, causing his face at the same time, to assume by the violence of the act, an expression of such comic distress and terror, as it was difficult to look upon with gravity.

"Is it thrue," he repeated in a voice of thunder, "that you've dared to do so scoundrelly an act, an' she, the unfortunate creature, famishin' wid hunger herself?"

Whilst he spake, he held Skindare's neck as if in a vice—firm in the same position, and the latter, of course, could do nothing more than turn his ferret eyes round as well as he could, to entreat him to relax his grip.

"Don't choke him, Brian," exclaimed Hacket, who came forward to interpose; "you'll strangle him—as heaven's above, you will."

"An' what great crime would that be?" answered the other, relaxing his awful grip of the miser. "Isn't he, and every meal-monger like him, a curse an' a scourge to the country?—an' hasn't the same country curses and scourges enough, widout either him or them? Answer me now," he proceeded, turning to Skindare, "why did you send her away, widout the food she wanted?"

"My heart bled for her—but—"

"It's a lie, you born hypocrite—it's a lie—your heart never bled for anything, or any body."

"But you don't know," replied the miser, "what I lost by—"

"It's a lie, I say," thundered out the gigantic young fellow, once more seizing the unfortunate meal-monger by the throat, when out again went his tongue, like a piece of machinery touched by a spring, and again were the red eyes, now almost starting out of his head, turned round, whilst he himself was in a state of suffocation, that rendered his appearance ludicrous beyond description—"it's a lie, I say, for you have neither thruth nor heart—that's what we all know."

"For heaven's sake let the man go," said Hacket, "or you'll have his death to answer for"—and as he spoke, he attempted to unclasp the young man's grip—"Tom Dalton, I say, let the man go."

Dalton, who was elder brother to the lover of Mave Sullivan, seized Hacket with one of his hands, and spun him like a child to the opposite end of the room.

"Keep away," he exclaimed, "till I settle wid him—here now, Skindare, listen to me, you refused my father credit when we wanted it, although you knew we were honest: you refused him credit when we were turned out of our place, although you knew the sickness was among us—well, you know whether we that wor your friends, an'—my father at least,—the makin' of you"—and as he spoke, he accompanied every third word by a shake or two, as a kind of running commentary upon what he said; "ay—you did—you knew it well, and I could bear all that; but I can't bear you to turn this unfortunate girl out of your place, widout what she wants, and she sinkin' wid hunger herself. If she's in distress, 'twas I that brought her to it, an' to shame an' to sorrow too,—but I'll set all right for you yet, Margaret dear,—an' no one has a better right to spake for her."

"Tom," said the young woman, with a feeble voice, "for the love of God let him go, or he'll drop."

"Not," replied Dalton, "till he gives you what you came for. Come now," he proceeded, addressing the miser, "weigh her—how much will you be able to carry, Margaret?"

"Oh, never mind now, Tom," she replied, "I don't want any, it's the ould people at home: it's them, it's them."

"Weigh her out," continued the other, furiously; "weigh her out a stone of meal, or by all the lies that ever came from your lips, I'll squeeze the breath out o' your body, you deceitful ould hypocrite."

"I will," said the miser, panting, and adjusting his string of a cravat; "I will, Tom; here, I am n't able, weigh it yourself—I'm not, indeed I'm not able," said he, breathless, "an' I was thinkin' when you came in of sendin' after her, bekaise, when I heard of the sickness among them, that I mayn't sin, but I found my heart bleedin' inwar—"

Tom's clutches were again at his throat. "Another lie," he exclaimed, "and you're a gone man; do what I bid you."

Skindare appeared, in point of fact, unable to do so, and Dalton seeing this, weighed the unhappy young woman a stone of oatmeal, which on finding it to be too heavy for her feeble strength, he was about to take up himself, when he put his hands to his temples, then staggered and fell.

They immediately gathered about him to ascertain the cause of this sudden attack, when it appeared that he had become insensible. His brow was now pale and cold as marble, and a slight dew lay upon his broad forehead; his shirt was open, and exposed to view a neck and breast which although sadly wasted, were of surpassing whiteness and great manly beauty.

Margaret, on seeing him fall, instantly placed her baby in the hands of another woman, and flying to him, raised his head and laid it upon her bosom; whilst the miser, who had now recovered, shook his head, lifted his hands, and looked as if he felt that his house was undergoing pollution. In the mean time, the young woman bent her mouth down to his ear, and said in tones that were wild and hollow, and that had more of despair than even of sorrow in them.

"Tom, oh Tom, are you gone? hear me!"

But he replied not to her.

"Ah! there was a day," she added, looking with a mournful smile around, "when he loved to listen to my voice; but that day has passed for ever."

He opened his eyes as she spoke; hers were fixed upon him. He felt a few warm tears on his face, and she exclaimed in a low voice, not designed for other ears—

"I forgive you all, Tom dear—I forgive you all!"

He looked at her, and starting to his feet exclaimed—

"Margaret, my own Margaret, hear me! She is dyin'," he shouted, in a hoarse and excited voice—"she is dying with want. I see it all. She is dead!"

It was too true: the unhappy girl had passed into another life; but whether from a broken heart, caused by sin, shame, and desertion, or from famine and the pressure of general destitution and distress, could never properly be ascertained.

"I see!" exclaimed Dalton, his eyes again blazing, and his whole voice hollow with emotion—"I see—there she lies; and who brought her to that? But I intended to set all right. Ay—there she lies. An' again, how are we at home?—brought low—down, down to a mud cabin! Now, Dick o' the Grange, an' now, Darby Skinadre—now for revenge. The time is come. I'll take my place at the head of them, and what's to be done, must be done. Margaret Murtagh, you're lyin' dead before me, and by the broken heart you died of—"

He could add no more: but with these words, tottering and frantic, he rushed out of the miser's house.

"Wid the help o' God, the young savage is as mad as a March hare," observed Skinadre, coolly; "but it's all over with the unfortunate creature, I don't see why an honest man should lose his own, at any rate."

Whilst uttering the words, he seized the meal, and deliberately emptied it back into the chest from which young Dalton had taken it.

Miscellaneous Articles.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

A question has been raised by some humane men, whether or not it is lawful to take away life as a punishment for crime. The argument has been carried on with great force and great ingenuity: the humane reasoner almost wishes that the objection to capital punishments could be made good, and that reason and reflection could be led to disapprove a practice at which every feeling of humanity trembles; but, whatever be the difference of opinion among thoughtful men upon this important topic, there is one observation in which all men have agreed and must agree, and that is, that you yourselves must not have taught the man you put to death the very crime for which he dies; that the executioner ought not to be the master; that the pupil ought not to be the victim; that the corruption worthy of death should not have been instilled by him in whose hands the instrument of death is placed. If there be cruelty upon earth—this it is! If there is a mockery of justice—that is it! What has been the state of our prisons before the late exertions of this valuable society, and what blood-guiltiness laid upon us? A young man led out to execution in the flower of his youth, sent before his God and his Redeemer with all the solemn and appalling powers of justice! But what cruelty, you will ask, is there in all this? Was he not fairly tried? Yes. Was he not heard? Certainly he was. Is there any doubt of his having committed the offence? None! But where did he learn to commit the offence? What blackened his soul? Where did he acquire that portion of hell which drove him to murder and to rob? You found him when a boy in the commission of some trifling offence, and you placed him in prison among grown-up thieves and murderers; and no one came to see the poor wretch, and no one warned him. Day after day the poor youth was encouraged to murder and to steal—and the law smote him. This is the foundation of our society! upon this plea we ask for your association and your assistance, that we may prevent crime,—may prevent prisons from becoming the school of crime; that we may classify, assort, and separate in prisons; that we may avoid that awful responsibility and unchristian feeling, that the victim of the law has become the victim of the law, through our negligence, callousness, and coldness of heart; that we have grudged the time for inspection and parental care; that the only activity and alacrity we have shown is in the infliction of those condign punishments which are never just but when everything has been done to render them infrequent and improbable.—*Sydney Smith's Sermon on Prison Discipline.*

CLEOPATRA'S BANQUETS TO ANTONY.

On her landing [from the *Cydnus*] she invited Antony and his generals to a dinner, at which the whole of the dishes placed before him were of gold, set with precious stones, and the room and the twelve couches were ornamented with purple and gold. On Antony's praising the splendour of the sight, as passing anything he had before seen, she said it was a trifle, and begged he would take the whole of it as a gift from her. The next day he again dined with her, and brought a larger number of friends and generals, and was of course started to see a costliness which made that of the day before seem nothing; and she again gave him the whole of the gold upon the table, and gave to each of his friends the couch upon which he sat. These costly and delicate dinners were continued every day; and one evening, when Antony playfully blamed her wastefulness, and said it was not possible to fare in a more costly manner, she told him that the dinner of the next day should cost ten thousand sesteria, or sixty thousand pounds sterling. This he would not believe, and laid her a wager she would fail in her promise. When the day came, the dinner was as grand and dainty as those of the former days; but, when Antony called on her to count up the cost of the meats and wines, she said that she did not reckon them, but that she would herself banquet on the ten thousand sesteria. She wore in her ears two pearls, the largest known in the world, which, like the diamonds of European kings, had come to her with her crown and kingdom, and were together valued at that large sum. On the servants removing the meats, they set before her a glass of vinegar, and she took one of these pearls from her ear and dropped it into the glass, and when dissolved drank it off. Plaucus, one of the guests, who had been made judge of the wager, snatched the other from the Queen's ear, and saved it from being drunk up like the first, and then declared that Antony had lost his bet. The pearl which was saved was afterwards cut in two, and made into a pair of earrings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon at Rome; and the fame of the wager may be said to have made the two half pearls at least as valuable as the two whole ones.—*Sharpe's History of Egypt.*

CHANGES IN PURSUITS AND CONDITION IN LIFE.

The old proverb, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," does not hold good in all cases. Herschel, the great astronomer, was a fiddler; Stephenson, the projector of railways, employed in a coal mine; James Watt, a watchmaker; Macadam, a linen-draper; the Master of the Rolls, Lord Langdale, a physician; and Lough, the sculptor, a plough-boy. The present Attorney-General, commenced life in the navy; Mr. O. Anderton, Q.C. and Mr. Watson, Q.C., were in the army; Sir Richard Birnie, late chief magistrate at Bow-street, was a journeyman saddler; as also were the present Lord Chief Baron's father, and Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, who was once, as we have heard, brought up to a police-office for

joining a "strike." Alderman Sir John Pirie was a common porter; Alderman Sir Chapman Marshall, a shopman; Nelson's friend, Lady Hamilton, a nursery-maid; the Countess of Blessington, an Irish peasant girl; and the Baroness Feucheres, who died lately, leaving nearly a million of money, about which so much litigation has taken place, was born in a workhouse. Franklin was a journeyman printer; Faraday, laboratory servant to Sir Humphrey Davy; Arkwright, a barber; Sir Edward Sugden's father was also a barber. Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was a common soldier; Theodore, King of Corsica, died in the King's Bench prison; Marshal Lefebvre, the Duke of Dantzic, rose from the ranks, and his nephew is now, or was lately, an assistant fishmonger in Hungerford market, London. Coleridge was once a private in the dragoons; Charles Lamb, a clerk in the India House; the great Lord Clive, a writer in the company's service; and Wimsor, the projector of gas, kept a lodging-house of no very reputable character.

THE BOWIE KNIFE AND ITS INVENTOR.

This instrument was devised by Col. James Bowie, an American, and a man of desperate valour. He considered, and apparently with justice, too, that, in close fighting, a much shorter weapon than the sword ordinarily in use, but still heavy enough to give it sufficient force, and, at the same time, contrived to cut and thrust, would be far preferable, and more advantageous to the wearer. He accordingly invented the short sword, or knife, which has since gone under his name. It is made of various sizes; but the best, I may say, is about the length of a carving knife,—cast perfectly straight in the first instance, but greatly rounded at the end on the edge side: the upper edge at the end, for the length of about two inches, is ground into the small segment of a circle, and rendered sharp; thus leaving an apparent curve of the knife, although, in reality, the upturned point is not higher than the line of the back. The back itself gradually increases in weight of metal as it approaches the hilt, on which a small guard is placed. The bowie knife, therefore, has a curved, keen point; is double-edged for the space of about a couple of inches of its length; and, when in use, falls with the weight of a bill-hook. I have heard it stated, that a blow from one well wielded is sufficient to break a man's arm. Certain it is, that I have myself seen skulls of Mexicans brought from the battle-ground of San Jacinto, on which Texas gained her independence, that were cleft nearly through the thickest part of the bone behind, evidently at one blow, and with sufficient force to throw out extensive cracks, like those of a starred glass. This is more true to fact, then complimentary to Mexican valour. At the same time, it proves that old adages may occasionally be mistaken. "He that fights and runs away" does not always "lie to fight another day." Bowie went to Texas during the troubles which preceded the independence of that country, and was lying sick in bed at the Fortess of the Alamo, when, on the 6th of March, 1836, it was stormed by Santa Anna and taken. Bowie was murdered there upon his pillow. The hand that formed the dreadful knife could no longer wield it.—*Colonial Magazine.*

FERTILITY OF PALESTINE.

Indeed, every thing that we know of Canaan shows how ignorant, as well as ill-disposed, were the minds of those unbelievers, who, towards the end of the last century, indulged in unbecomingly pleasant, as if the actual unproductiveness of the country were an ocular disproof of the averments and implications found in the Scriptures, which show that it was once highly fertile, and supported a very large population. Wherever the experiment has been fairly tried, the agricultural capabilities of the land have been satisfactorily established. The moment that the cessation of marauding and tyranny allows the inhabitants, unskilled though they are, to apply themselves to the improvement of the soil,—smiling fields, bleating flocks, and lowing herds, come to afford them a pleasing recompense. Should a permanent peace and a good government give the natives scope for improving their condition, a final answer will have been given to men who seem to have considered no objection to the Scriptures too small to be employed. Even in the actual condition of the country, as soon as ever the traveller—as, for instance, a few hours south of Jerusalem—finds himself surrounded by a naturally better soil, he begins to feel that of a truth he is in a good land,—a land of brooks of water, of fountains, of depths, that spring out of the valleys and hills. The mountains of Ephraim are, at this day, the best cultivated part of Palestine; a peculiarity to which their security from the Bedouin contributes perhaps more than the natural advantages of the soil. However this may be, the land is fertile. Wherever wheat is sown, in the valleys or on the loftiest terraces, it is found to flourish. The vine, fig, olive, pomegranate, and other fruit trees, have a good and often a luxuriant appearance. They even seem to thrive best in the most unpromising places. Wherever a break in the rock allows of the planting of an olive or a fig tree, it appears to attain its full size and perfection; so that the traveller is often reminded of the Scriptural phrase,—"*Oil out of the flinty rock*." Numerous passages are found in this work, attesting the great and extraordinary fertility of portions, some of them large, of this country. We may instance the great plain of Esdraelon, which, under various names, and with some intervening mountain ridges, stretches from the Sea of Galilee to the neighbourhood of Acre and the Mediterranean. Almost every part of Palestine, indeed, seems capable of producing bread for its inhabitants; but this is by eminence the corn country of the Holy Land, and under proper tillage would afford a supply sufficient for millions. Palestine exported corn in the time of Solomon, when its population was at its highest; it did the same in the days of Herod, when, too, it was fully peopled. Auspicious social circumstances would again, in this age, soon reward the cares of agriculture with abundance, if not superfluity.—*People's Dictionary of the Bible.*

Noel aspect of Conservatism.—As soon as the Lords had given their assent to the second reading of the corn bill, the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* commenced a most furious attack on the house, denounced the absurdity of an hereditary peerage, and accorded a preference to the nobility for life of France, or the elective senate of the United States. Not content of attacking this branch of the legislature, it has since turned against the crown, declaring that "all her majesty's maternal relations, as well as the relations of her royal consort, have a deep, personal, and pecuniary interest adverse to the interests of British agriculture." Surely this is conservatism with a vengeance. Did any corn-law repealer ever advocate such destructive views?

Gradual rise of Newfoundland above the Sea.—It is a fact worthy of notice, that the whole of the land in and about the neighborhood of Conception Bay, very probably the whole island, is rising out of the ocean at a rate which promises, at no very distant day, materially to affect, if not to render useless, many of the best harbours we have now on the coast. At Port de Grave, a series of observations have been made which undeniably prove the rapid displacement of the sea-level in the vicinity. Several large flat rocks, over which schooners might pass some thirty or forty years ago, with the greatest facility,

are now approaching the surface, the water being scarcely navigable for a skiff. At a place called the Cash, at the head of Bay Roberts, upwards of a mile from the sea-shore, and at several feet above its level, covered with five or six feet of vegetable mould, there is a perfect beach, the stones being rounded, of a moderate size, and in all respects similar to those now found in the adjacent land washes.—*Newfoundland Times.*

A Sure Charge—The following, extracted by the Boston Transcript from one of its Southern papers, is quite an apposite hint to "examine your bills:"

"A merchant of Mississippi, during a day's business in which he had been crowded with customers, sold a saddle of the value of forty dollars, but had neglected to make the charge. Next day he missed the saddle and recollected the fact of the sale, but not the individual who had bought it. After racking his memory for some time to no purpose, he directed his clerk Jim to turn to his ledger alphabet and read off the W's, then the S's, the B's, the C's, and other letters in succession; all to no purpose.

"Tired out with the mental exercise, and as the readiest way of settling the difficulty, 'Jim,' said he, 'charge a saddle to every one of the customers.' This was accordingly done. When the planters had got their cotton in and settling time came round, the bills were presented, and if occasionally one man, more prudent than his neighbor, went through the drudgery of examining a long list of sundries got by different members of the family, he might possibly discover a saddle which they had not got, or one more than they had got, and objecting to the item, it would be struck out of course, alleging there was some mistake. When all the accounts had been settled up, 'Well, Jim,' said the storekeeper, 'how many customers paid you for that saddle?' Jim examined and reported *thirty-one*. 'Little enough,' exclaimed his employer, 'for the trouble we have had to find out who got it.'

Kill or Cure—"Tom, a word with you."

"Be quick then, for I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse t'other day?"

"A pint o' turpentine."

John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favorite hunter, which, strange to say, drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day—

"Well, Tom?"

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint o' turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Caesar."

"So't did mine."

RUMOUR—CALIFORNIA.

We copy the following rumour in relation to the Mission of Mr. Morphy to Mexico, from the Journal of Commerce of yesterday:—

It is reported that the hurried mission of Mr. Morphy from England to Mexico, via the United States, is to make the following proposal, viz. that Mexico shall cede California to the United States for fifty millions of dollars; two and a half millions to be paid to American citizens on behalf of Mexico, and in discharge of the Treaty of Indemnity; ten millions to be allowed to the United States as indemnity for the expenses of the war, and thirty-seven and a half millions to be paid to the English claimants upon Mexico, in discharge of their mortgage upon California.

If the story is true, all we can say is, the U. States ought never to accept such a proposition, or any thing like it. Fifty millions for a tract of country a great part of which is a desert, and the rest of which we do not need, except perhaps the harbour of San Francisco. The possession of that harbor would be desirable in connexion with the Oregon country, but \$50,000,000 is a most outrageous price, and ought never to be seriously thought of. The New Orleans Times, speaking of Upper California, says,—

"A very large portion of Upper California is nearly valueless. All the southern and eastern parts, indeed the whole province, except that section bordering on the Pacific, is an arid and barren waste, with extensive and parched sandy plains. When we reach, however, the western portion, which lies nearest the Pacific Coast, the eye is greeted with an aspect of nature, in her loveliest and most attractive forms. This beautiful tract of land embraces the whole country, drained by the waters which empty into the bay of San Francisco. The river San Joaquin, which runs 600 miles and is navigable through nearly its entire extent, irrigates a splendid and spacious valley, covered with dense foliage, and possessing a soil of unsurpassed fertility. All the elements of agricultural wealth abound in profusion, save a propitious climate.

From April to Autumn the lowlands are converted into huge fens by incessant rains. The Sacramento river is another of the tributaries that flow into the bay of San Francisco. It rises among the mountains that skirt the lower border of Oregon, and flows 300 miles through an open and level country, interspersed with groves, lakes and beautiful savannahs. It is navigable three-fourths of its course, and the country watered by it, in soil and climate, is alike admirable. These are the principal streams that water and fertilize the western portion of Upper California. The superficial area of this magnificent valley is estimated at 40,000 miles, or about the size of one of our largest States. In respect to its agricultural capabilities, those who have explored the region furnish the most glowing descriptions. Van Couver, Farnham and Humboldt unite in attesting its wonderful advantages, the richness of the soil, the luxuriance of its herbage, its diversified scenery, and the mildness of the climate."

Imperial Parliament.

PROTECTION OF LIFE, IRELAND BILL.

House of Commons, June 8th.

SIR WILLIAM SOMERVILLE moved that the bill be read that day six months—

He had hoped that, considering the long delay since its introduction, and the wonderful change in opinion brought about by the previous discussions, the Government would not have persevered with this measure. It was precisely of the same character as all the coercive bills of the last half century, and all had completely failed. Coercive law had been the rule, the absence of it an exception, from the Union downwards. Till they could win the affections of the people to the side of law and order, so long would their nostrums fail; so long would they be compelled to resort to unconstitutional measures, which ended in nothing but exasperating the people. Instead of passing such bills as that now before the House, Parliament should go to the root of the evil. There is scarcely an institution in Ireland which does not require reform or regulation. Until the Irish people are taught to love and support the law, there would be

neither peace nor contentment in the country. The delay of the bill for five months was of itself a proof that the Government did not consider the case a pressing one. In this view, he called upon Lord George Bentinck and those who acted with him to prevent the Government from carrying out this most unconstitutional measure; which had been unnecessarily delayed, and changes made in it which showed that the Government did not know what were the powers necessary to carry it into effect.

Mr. BERNAL seconded the amendment—

He was free to confess, that, years back, he had supported measures of a similar kind for the suppression of the same evils; but he had been by no means convinced of the salutary use of such measures. They operated as strong and surgical measures, with the lancet and the probe, and not like remedies.

[Whilst Mr. Bernal was speaking, Mr. Dillon Browne moved that the House be counted. The galleries were slowly cleared; which enabled ten or twelve Members to be called in from the Library and the refreshment-rooms. The necessary number having in this way been made up, Mr. Bernal resumed; and the Members, finding that the object for which their presence was wanted had been accomplished, retired.] Mr. Bernal proceeded to refer to the difficulty with which a "House" could be kept together, as an evidence of the indifference with which the measure was regarded. [While he was speaking, Mr. Dillon Browne again moved that the House be counted: which was again met by sending out for the necessary number of Members. These Members soon retired as before, and left an audience of not more than twenty or thirty.] Mr. Bernal remarked, that the proceedings they were engaged in bore very much the resemblance of a farce. He was told that many noble Lords who had given their reluctant support in another place were now of opinion that the bill ought not to pass. Now those noble Lords must have some reason for abandoning the measure—was it not that the time for it had gone by? It seemed something like a romance that they should be called upon to give a second reading to a bill which was recommended in the Speech from the Throne in January; but it was a romance not creditable to the country, nor creditable to the Parliament, that a measure of such grave and paramount importance should be considered in a House that was scarcely legal.

Mr. OSBORNE (Mr. Bernal's son) followed up this line of remark with more of personal bitterness—

He wished to put it seriously to the First Minister of the Crown, whether he thought it fitting to permit this question to pass to a division in a House of barely forty Members, after speeches made by the mover and seconder of the amendment, unanswerd by any one on the part of the Government—whether from unwillingness, incapacity, or contempt, God knows. He believed it to be total incapacity; because the noble Lord to whom the administration of Irish affairs was chiefly committed went to that country, no doubt, with the best intentions, but as innocent as a child as to the circumstances of the country. But, however inexperienced in the affairs of Ireland, the noble Lord the late unsuccessful candidate for Nottinghamshire might be, the members of the Government ought to know that the way to conciliate the Irish people was not by maintaining an aristocratic reserve and hauteur, but by giving some answer to the representations made on their behalf. But he should pass by the noble Lord, for really his opinion was of little consequence; and ask the Prime Minister whether he would not at least put forward some of his knights or pawns—whether he seriously thought it becoming treatment of Ireland as a part of the empire, and entitled to a fair share of our legislative attention, to suffer this question to go to a division under such circumstances.

The Earl of LINCOLN disclaimed the imputations of the last speaker—

It certainly had been his intention to speak after the seconder of the amendment; "but I confess, that when I saw the House attempted to be counted twice within ten minutes—when I looked at the state of the benches opposite, from which issue the charges that we are offering an insult to the Irish people, and saw only three or four of the representatives for Ireland occupying their places in this House—and when I found that this was the interest which the representatives for Ireland themselves bestowed upon the question—I confess I did think that I was acting a more becoming part, nay, that I was showing more respect to the Irish Members themselves, if, upon a question so deeply involving the interests of the Irish people, however ignorant I may happen to be, yet, as holding the responsible situation of Irish Secretary, I endeavour to postpone to a later period of the evening, when the Members for Ireland should be present, those observations which, as I should not shrink from making in their presence, I was anxious they should hear when I had the honour of addressing the House." It was a matter of perfect indifference to him at what period he rose: it was his duty to address the House, and he would do so now.

Government had been told by honourable gentlemen opposite, that the bill was introduced without reason, necessity, or justification; and by honourable gentlemen below the gangway they were charged with the fault of having delayed legislation too long. The first objection was disproved by the debate on the first reading of the bill, and as to the second, the blame lay with the accusers. For five years the present Ministry had governed Ireland without a coercion bill, being the longest period for fifty years without resort to such a measure. They had also exhibited every disposition, in dealing with laws in some degree coercive—such as the Party Processions Act, the Unlawful Oaths Act, the Arms Act—to ameliorate their severity. He denied that the charge of delay attached to the Government as respects the measures before the House; but of the two charges, that of acting prematurely or of proceeding too slowly, if the Government were guilty of either, he would, for himself and his colleagues, prefer bearing the blame of the latter. He would not lightly and prematurely bring forward such a bill; and he did not think it a very heavy charge that they had delayed this measure as long as it was compatible with their duty; and had waited to see whether other measures would not produce the results which would now be effected by this bill. He admitted that, owing to circumstances over which the Government had no control, the different stages of this bill were not rapidly taken; but Sir Robert Peel had pledged himself that, except the first reading, no stage should be taken till the Corn Bill and the Tariff had passed the House of Commons.

The measure had been called unconstitutional; and so it was. It could only be justified by a stern necessity, and by a state of things in which life and property could not otherwise be protected. They were told that it was an infringement of the liberty of the subject: but he asked whether, if they fairly looked at it, it was not more a measure of protection than of coercion? When they talked of the infringement of the liberty of the subject, what was that liberty in some parts of Ireland?—the liberty of murder and outrage. The measure applied only to five counties; the rest of Ireland was exempt. The evils were local;—they were an endemic in Ireland; but he feared they were also contagious. Of the five counties now affected, four were exempt in the year 1833; and what was now the orderly province of Leinster was in 1835 one of the causes for the act of 1835. This latter circumstance proved the legislative success

of former measures, and held out a great encouragement for the prosecution of this bill.

He disputed Mr. O'Connell's assertion that the disorders which prevailed in Ireland were principally if not mainly of an agrarian character; and in support of this position, he read a number of extracts from the reports of the Constabulary. In the return for 1844, of 6,337 cases of outrage, 5,336 were not of an agrarian character. Of incendiary fires, 404 were not of an agrarian character, and only 121 were of that character. Of assaults endangering life, 248 were not of an agrarian, and only 40 of an agrarian character. For firing at the person there were 67 not of an agrarian character, and only 26 of that character. Of homicides there were 127 not agrarian, and only 18 agrarian.

Mr. O'Connell was also in error when he asserted that crime had diminished since the introduction of this bill; but although that were correct, it could form no reason for resisting the second reading. During the long days crime did for a time diminish; but, from returns which had been furnished for the five months ending 31st May, it appeared, on a comparison with the corresponding period of last year, that there had been little or no diminution of crime in the five counties, with the exception of Leitrim. During the period referred to, 2,098 crimes had been committed in the whole of Ireland; and of these 1,188 had been committed in the five counties. The decrease in Leitrim was gratifying, but it was only a decrease from an excessive amount. It had been asserted as an argument against the night clauses of the bill, that the great majority of outrages took place during the day: now it is a notorious fact that those murders and attempts to murder which take place in the day are almost invariably plotted at night. But it is not true that most of the murders take place during the day. In Tipperary, of the 260 offences contained in the list, between 130 and 140 were committed at night. These are general outrages, and not offences against life only; but the offences against life bear nearly the same proportion. In Leitrim, out of 359 outrages, between 200 and 210 were committed by night, between 90 and 100 by day, and of 50 or 60 the time is not specified.

Alluding to Lord John Russell's threatened opposition to the second reading of the bill, Lord Lincoln thought that the opposition ought to have been reserved for the Committee, agreeably to Lord John's previous declarations. "If the noble Lord object to the principle of the bill, of course he has a right to oppose it now; but if he do so object to its principle, I should be glad to know what has operated upon the noble Lord's mind to produce so great change of opinion since the first reading."

Lord Lincoln proceeded to reply to the charge adduced that the Government had evinced no desire to legislate in a conciliatory spirit towards Ireland; referring to the measures passed this session for giving employment and protecting the people against the evils of scarcity; adding, "The honourable Member opposite, who has stated that we had not proposed any measure calculated to meet the wants of Ireland as regards the holding of land, cannot have looked over the notice-paper, or he would see that I have already given notice of my intention to move on next Thursday for the introduction of no fewer than three new bills founded on the report of Lord Devon's Commission." "Have we neglected the condition of a great portion of the people of Ireland in the exigency from which they now suffer? Indeed I need not ask that question, for even our opponents admit fully that we have not neglected it, and have given us their meed of approbation. (Opposition cheers.) Let me remind the House, that we adopted some of those measures because the exigencies of the country required them; and that we did so in the teeth of taunts of opprobrium from many of our former friends; that for doing so, we were subjected to reproaches which we felt we did not deserve—reproaches which, I do not hesitate to say, would not be cast upon us out of the House." "If the Government proposed this measure as a panacea for the evils of Ireland, then indeed honourable Members might be justified in rejecting it: but when it is brought in avowedly as a corrective, and simply as a corrective, without which any other measure or scheme, however wisely, is liable to fail, the case becomes very different. When we avow, that we do not look upon the bill as likely permanently to affect the social system Ireland, but as a preparative measure—when we state the ground upon which we submit the bill to the House—while I admit that those who oppose it are actuated by conscientious motives, I may say that the course which the arrey taking is one which as regards its probable results may not be wise or prudent."

Mr. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL remarked, that however much he might differ from the conclusions of Lord Lincoln, no fault could be found with the tone and temper he had displayed in expressing them—

The statement that there had been rather an increase than a diminution of crime astonished him; and he heard that statement with a constitutional distrust, taken as it was from the officials in Ireland.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK announced the ultimatum of himself and party—

It would be in the recollection of the House, that previous to the Easter holidays he gave due notice to the Government, that he and his friends would be disposed to support the measure before the House, provided the Government, by their earnestness in pressing it forward with all the haste with which it could be pressed, proved their sincerity and desire to carry it: but if her Majesty's Ministers permitted all other measures of less immediate necessity to be carried through the House in preference to this, they should then be of opinion that no such necessity existed for carrying a measure so unconstitutional as this, as would justify any party in supporting it. From the delay which had taken place, and the indifference displayed towards the bill by the Government, he thought it must be admitted there was no earnestness, no sincerity on the part of her Majesty's Government to carry this measure into a law. "On this ground, Sir, I think we are constrained to declare that the *casus fœderis* has arrived when we can no longer give our support to this measure." He could not see that any new ground had been shown for passing the bill which did not exist in February. The increase which had taken place in crime during the five months did not exceed 5 1-2 per cent. The agrarian offences had actually diminished during the past year. But he had stronger and graver reasons still for opposing the bill. "The gentlemen who sit around me will refuse to trust her Majesty's Ministers (and they have good reasons for having ceased to place any confidence in them) with the charge of any unconstitutional powers whatever. It would be reason enough if we refused those who have exhibited such ignorance and double dealing on other questions connected with Ireland. And are we, who have been deceived in the way we have by her Majesty's Ministers—are we, who have been told that for the last four months four millions of people would be starving in Ireland—are we, who have been falsely told that there would be a famine in Ireland—are we, after these statements have been scouted by every man of sense—are we now to trust in a Ministry composed of men who dared to come down with such statements as these, with our confidence, or with the further government of the country? (Protectionist cheers.) Lord

George contrasted the anxiety displayed by Ministers in pushing forward the Corn Bill, with their dilatoriness in the matter of the Coercion Bill, and proceeded to say—"Is there a man in the country fool enough to believe that her Majesty's Ministers are in earnest as to the passing of this Life and Property Protection Bill? (Cheers from the Protectionist.) Believing that there is not, the sooner, I say, that we kick out the bill and her Majesty's Ministers with it, the better. (Vociferous cheering from the Protectionists.) I was prepared, had a direct vote of no confidence been proposed, to have supported it. But if we have faith in pledges, we must be convinced that when a Government is no longer able to carry its measures, it ought to retire. We used to be told by the right honourable Baronet, that he would never consent to be a Minister on sufferance. He must be deaf indeed if by this time he has not learned that he is nothing but a Minister on sufferance. (Immense cheering from the Protectionists.) Supported sometimes by gentlemen opposite, sometimes by the friends about me, the only steady adherents they have are forty paid Janissaries and seventy renegades, who, in giving them their votes, cannot hide their own shame." (Loud Cheering and laughter.) Lord George indulged in a violent tirade against Sir Robert Peel; accusing him of having in 1827 chased and hunted an illustrious relative of his (Mr. Canning) to the death, on account of his opinions on Catholic Emancipation; while Sir Robert Peel himself told the House, in 1829, that he had changed his opinions on that very measure in 1825, and that he had communicated that change of opinion to the then head of the Government, Lord Liverpool. Combining this with his conduct under present circumstances, the country could not forgive twice in the same man an insult to its understanding, and a betrayal of the constituencies of the empire.

Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT answered Lord George with unusual warmth—"His charges were couched in language seldom heard in this House—(Cheers)—in language which it would be for the character of this House should not be heard—in language which I will not repeat—in terms which I will not retaliate so long as I have self-respect for my own character. (Continued cheers.) As long as I have that respect for the character, the temper, and the reputation of this House, which becomes its Members, I will neither impute to others motives which I scorn to be influenced by myself, nor will I consent to import into this House, into the Senate of this country, terms and language and expressions which are better suited to some other arena—(“Oh, oh!” from the Protectionists)—than to one where gentlemen are met together, gravely, seriously, and deliberately to discuss measures vitally affecting the great interests of the country." Mr. Herbert repelled the charge of insincerity; and cast the blame of delay on the conduct of Lord George Bentinck himself and those who followed him. That noble Lord, who says there has been no cause whatever for any interference in Ireland on the subject of food, has now found out, after three weeks' reflection, that there is no cause for any interference to protect life and property in that country. A short time ago, so keen was he on this head, that he actually anticipated the discussion on the first reading by producing harrowing cases of outrages perpetrated at noon-day on inoffensive and helpless females. There was then no measure to his indignation: but where was his indignation now? He said that if Ministers delayed the passing of this bill but for one day, the blood of murdered men must rest upon their heads: upon whose head is the blood of murdered men to be now? "Sir, I repeat that Government have brought in this bill under a paramount sense of its necessity; and I tell the noble Lord, that it will persevere in urging it through Parliament—urging it in spite of all his sarcasms—in spite, too, of that factious combination—(Long-continued cries of "Oh, oh!" and confusion)—I make no charge against honourable gentlemen opposite.—(“Oh, oh, oh!” and “Hear, hear!”) Mr. Herbert went on to state, that he had heard it rumoured that proposals had been made to Lord John Russell, on the part of the gentlemen below the gangway, that they should assist him in defeating the bill and in throwing out the ministry; but that Lord John, with the manliness which belonged to his character, had treated the proposal with "that silence which I suppose it is hardly Parliamentary to designate as the silence of contempt." ("Oh, oh!" and loud cries of "Name, name!"—Mr. Herbert declined to name his authority; recommending the parties to study the list after the division shall have taken place, and they would find it.

The Marquis of GRANBY suggested that the only agreement which existed between the two parties was simply that of entire want of confidence in the present Ministry.

Mr. STAFFORD O'BRIEN insisted upon Mr. Herbert producing his authority for the charge he had preferred against the Conservative party.

Mr. HERBERT explained—

He had not asserted of his own knowledge any fact whatever: he had merely said this—that rumours had flown about the town that some gentlemen had made offers to the noble Lord with respect to the opposition to this bill.

Mr. ELIOT YORKE called upon Lord John Russell to say whether any such offer had been made to him.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL was quite ready to answer the question—

"No proposition or application has been made to me on the part of the noble Lord the Member for Lynn, or of any honourable Member who usually acts with him."—(Cheers from the Protectionist benches.)—Lord John referred to the statement he made during a previous discussion, to show that he was perfectly at liberty to oppose the bill at the second reading. "The noble Lord the Member for Lynn has come to his conclusion on grounds which are satisfactory to him—(Laughter and cheering)—and I have come to the same conclusion with regard to this bill, on public grounds, which are satisfactory to me."—(Cheers.)

Mr. SYDNEY HERBERT expressed his conviction that he must have been misinformed on the subject of the rumour.

The debate was then adjourned till Friday.

Friday, June 12th.

Sir R. PEEL felt it necessary to vindicate the course of her Majesty's Government, to assign the reason why they proposed this measure, and why they still thought it necessary; but would introduce nothing having reference to those political or party considerations which had been adverted to in the course of the debate. Her Majesty's Government had felt it to be their duty to propose other measures than those which the existing law would warrant, because they found that in certain districts, in certain counties in Ireland, there had long prevailed a defiance of the authority of the law. They found that not only life was in danger, not only that liberty of action was controlled by a grievous tyranny, but that the law had been paralysed, that evidence could not be procured, and that repeated murders were committed and no trace could be found of the murderer. But did her Majesty's Government think that this measure of extraordinary severity was any remedy for this state of things? Did they think that this was the only remedy that ought to be applied? Far from it. They admitted that the executive administration of Ireland ought to be conducted with a kindly and indulgent spirit; they freely admitted that the cause of those

disorders, whether connected with the tenure of land, or other causes however remote, ought to be fully inquired into, and that, where it was possible by legislation to do so, a foundation ought to be laid for those permanent improvements which temporary coercion and temporary severity could never effect. It might be objectionable to have a law which they now called a "curfew bill," but under another administration they had willingly consented that the same enactment in respect to the peasantry being out between sunset and sunrise should be the law, and when it was in force there was no more strenuous opponent of its repeal than the Hon. and learned gentleman, the Member for Cork. They were now invited to abandon this bill, because, it was said, there was a great improvement in the social condition of the people of Ireland—and had there been that improvement, he admitted that there would have been some cause for adopting that course. The aid which had been given to insure a supply of food, and the perfect success which had attended the introduction of Indian meal into Ireland had, with a generous people, produced corresponding effects. He believed that there did prevail in the wilds of Connaught, and in the wilds of Munster, a feeling of grateful acknowledgment towards her Majesty's Government. And circumstances might have occurred, perhaps, to justify the expectation that there would have been some diminution of crime; but he grieved to say that there was no such diminution. In February 1846, there were 18 homicides or murders, according to these returns, and 26 attempts to murder. In March, 1846, there were 23 murders and 14 attempts to murder. What was to be done under such circumstances to restore peace and tranquillity in that country? The fact that those frightful crimes could be perpetrated night after night, with impunity, inspired the murderer with confidence, and the result must be that murder would be on the increase. Admitting the sagacity of the views of Hon. gentlemen who had recommended remedial measures, and admitting the permanent efficacy of such measures, was there a prospect of such an immediate beneficial operation as would dispense with the necessity of a temporary protection against so frightful a state of things. He scarcely thought that any one acquainted with the state of Ireland in the counties of Roscommon, Limerick, and Clare, and acquainted with the alarm and apprehension that exists among the population of these places, could deny the allegations made by the government, that measures of some kind or other were indispensably necessary, for the purpose of inspiring that confidence which was at present withheld from the administration of the law. Here he would most willingly dismiss the subject; but he could not resume his seat without noticing the speech made by the noble lord, the member for Lynn (Lord George Bentinck,) when this measure was last under consideration. He deeply regretted that, during this session, there had been, for the first time, a license assumed which he thought highly injurious.—(Loud cheers.) During a parliamentary life of five-and-thirty years at least, his example had not justified any assertion of the kind. If the language used by the noble Lord was parliamentary, then that license must not be a one-sided one. They would not refuse to those who felt themselves calumniated and maligned the same latitude they had given to the assailer. He hoped to respect the usages which public men had hitherto observed in public, and even when taking part in acrimonious discussions; but if he forgot those usages in commenting on some of the accusations brought against him by the noble lord, he trusted that the house would not forget the provocation he had received. The particular attack to which he referred was couched in these words.—"But he (Lord G. Bentinck) was old enough to remember, and he remembered it with heartfelt sorrow, that he (Sir R. Peel) chased and hunted an illustrious relative of his (Lord G. Bentinck's) to death, on the ground that, though he had changed no opinion, he was, from the station which he then held, likely to forward the question of catholic emancipation.—(Hear.) He could recollect that such was the conduct of the right hon. gentleman in 1827. In 1829, he told that house that he had changed his opinion in 1825, that he had communicated his change of opinion to the Earl of Liverpool; but that, it proved, did not prevent him in 1827 getting up in the same assembly, and stating that the reason he severed himself from Mr. Canning's cabinet was, that he could not consent to support a government of which the chief minister was favourable to the measure which, in two years more, he (Sir R. Peel) himself carried." No doubt the noble lord was old enough, for he was a member of parliament at the time. He knew all that passed, and it was now 19 years since the transaction took place. Well, he respected the feelings of the man who felt indignation towards the man who "hunted and chased" his relative. The noble lord abhorred those who tried to hunt and chase to death a public man, acting in the performance of a public duty. ("Hear, hear, hear," and ironical cheers.) But how came it that, entertaining such feelings, the first time he should hear of them, after 19 years, was the previous Monday. ("Hear, hear," and ministerial cheers.) The noble lord had been in parliament since the year 1826, and since 1835, he had been honoured with his co-operation, and he had called him his "right honourable friend." He was cognizant of all those transactions, and yet he permitted him to be the leader of the party to which he belonged. He was going on the assumption that those charges were founded on fact, and that he informed Lord Liverpool in 1825 that he had changed his opinion on the catholic question. The gravamen of the noble lord's personal charge was that he declined in 1827 to act with Mr. Canning as secretary of state for the home department, but that, in 1829, when about to propose for the removal of the Roman catholic disabilities, he then admitted that in 1825 his opinions had changed, and that he had at that time given information of that change to Lord Liverpool. That charge against him was utterly without foundation. He made no declaration in 1825 which he had not made in 1827 in the presence of Mr. Canning; and that declaration was not that his opinions were changed in 1825. That which he said in 1829 on this subject corresponded with what he said in 1827, in the presence of Mr. Canning himself. Those who did not rely on the whole of his account would find what he stated in the debate of the 1st of May, 1827, and the 5th and 6th of May, 1829. A reference to *Hansard* would verify the statement. "In the beginning of the year 1822, he was appointed secretary of state for the home department; and in 1825, after he had been left in minorities on three different questions, immediately connected with Ireland—the catholic question, the elective franchise, and the payment of the catholic clergy—he waited on his noble friend then at the head of the government. He told him, having been left in a minority in that branch of the legislature of which he was a member, he anxiously desired to be relieved from his situation. The reply of his noble friend was, that his retirement would determine his own. He finally consented to remain in office, his noble friend declaring that he deemed it of the highest importance that the secretary of state for the home department should possess opinions as much as possible in accordance with those of the prime minister. He represented to him the difficulty he should experience in filling up the situation, and, in short, that his retirement must determine his own. He was thus induced to waive his wish for retirement, and remain until a new parliament had pronounced an opinion upon the great question which interested and agitated Ireland." The declaration he

made in 1825 was, that being secretary of state for the home department, he was responsible for the government of Ireland, and being the only minister in the house opposed to the Roman catholic claims, he represented to the prime minister that he wished to resign his office. Mr. Canning himself confirmed that statement. But what passed in 1829? In January, 1828, after the death of Mr. Canning, did his friends refuse to unite with him in the same government? Did they think he had acted unfairly, and that he had hunted and chased him to death? Why Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Grant, and the present Lord Melbourne, all consented to serve with him in the government. If such an impression prevailed, would they have taken office with him under the Duke of Wellington? Would the Marquis of Anglesea—friend as he was to Canning, have consented to go to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, he being secretary of state for the home department, if he had shared in the feelings which the noble lord (G. Bentinck) now for the first time expressed, that he had hunted Mr. Canning to death? (Hear, hear.) The charge of the noble lord that in 1829 he had avowed a change of opinion in 1825, which opinion in 1827 he had concealed, was entirely destitute of foundation. (Hear.) When he undertook to propose these measures which had received the sanction of the house, he foresaw the bitter hostility to which he should be subjected in the execution of his public duty. The noble lord opposite feeling himself unable to undertake the measure, he had to undertake the task of the final adjustment of the corn-law question. He foresaw the consequences to which that act would inevitably lead. He foresaw that it would probably lead to the extinction of his political power. But it was for the house to judge whether or no his reasons for undertaking the measure were justifiable. He might have been mistaken, he might have been erroneous in his views; but to assert that he had been influenced in that course by any impure or dishonest motives—that he had any desire to rob others of that credit to which they (not he) were entitled—that he wished to interfere with Lord J. Russell in the settlement of the question—that he was influenced by any desire to court popularity, or to gain distinction of any kind, would be an imputation as full of calumny as any which a vindictive spirit had ever dictated. The hon. baronet resumed his seat amid prolonged cheering, and the debate was then adjourned.

Monday, June 15th.

Lord J. RUSSELL, in commencing the examination of this bill, was tempted to take the course in objecting to it which a minister of the crown usually took in proposing a measure. Her majesty had called their attention to the very frequent instances in which deliberate assassination had been of late committed in Ireland, and had declared it their duty to consider whether measures could be devised to give increased protection to life, and bring to justice the perpetrators of these dreadful crimes. A delay of five months after such an announcement afforded a presumption that the ministers of the crown had not any great confidence in the measure which they had brought forward, whether with respect to the grounds on which it was founded, or the provisions which it contained. In giving his assent to the first reading of this bill, he stated especially that with regard to the clause enabling the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to shut up all persons within certain districts from sunset to sunrise, he should offer to it his most strenuous opposition; and he found that if that clause were taken out there was nothing left of the slightest value in the bill. There were clauses in the bill when it was in the other house whereby certain districts were made liable to fines for outrages. But if any clauses were so introduced, they should be very different indeed from the clauses which were in the bill when it was first brought before the other house of parliament; and it would be far better to pass some general enactment upon the subject than to compel the poor occupiers to pay their twopences, threepences, or their fourpences on account of outrages committed in their part of the country. Therefore seeing no essential part of the bill to which he could give his assent, he thought it far better to give his resistance to it in that stage than to reserve his objections for the next stage of the measure. As the bill was introduced by her majesty's ministers, and had for its alleged object the protection of life and property in Ireland, and as it had been agreed to by the great majority of the other house of parliament, amongst whom were many of his political friends, he felt he could not take opposition to the first reading of the bill; but immediately after the first reading he stated distinctly, and at once, that he would offer to its second reading his most strenuous opposition. He opposed it on the ground that there did not appear, in the general state of crime in Ireland, to be sufficient reasons for the enacting of a measure of such extraordinary severity. He objected to the provisions of the bill, because, while they would act harshly to the people in general, they would not point out the criminals, and would thus involve the innocent with the guilty. But he objected to the measure, because it had not been accompanied, above all, with such measures of relief, of remedy, and of conciliation as would affect the great mass of the people of Ireland who were in distress—which measures ought to accompany any bill which sought for increased powers. He thought himself fully justified in the course which he had for some years taken by the nature of the measures which her majesty's government had recently introduced. These measures, both with regard to England and to Ireland, were a practical testimony that in former years the members of her majesty's government were mistaken, and they were right.—(Great cheering from the country party.) The Secretary of State for the Home Department accused them when they were going out, of being like pirates that set fire to the ship—(hear, hear); and it now appeared that, having got possession of the ship, they had lived upon the stores left there.—(Cheers.) They had guided themselves by the charts deposited in the cabin; they had steered by the compass left on the deck—(hear, hear); and, having so done, he thought it would hardly have been too much if they had, on some occasion or other in the course of debate, expressed some regret that they should have been made the object of so much reproach for the course they had taken.

Mr. DISRAELI regretted that the fate of a minister should be supposed to depend, after all that had occurred that session, upon an Irish subject. But he felt that it was not owing to any gentleman who sat upon those benches that the circumstances that now engaged them had occurred. For his own part, he must say that at any time, and under any circumstances, he should be loath to join in passing a coercion bill for Ireland. If, indeed, he saw it recommended by the majority of the members for Ireland, whichever side of the house they might sit upon, he certainly should come to its consideration with feelings very different from those which he expressed when he found that all the Irish members opposite opposed this measure, and most Irish members behind him denounced it as fatal. (Cheers.) He could not forget that this was not the first coercive measure which Ireland had been supposed to require, which they had passed; and he thought it could not be denied that the time had arrived when it was impossible to consider a coercion bill for Ireland, without considering the general circumstances of that disturbed country. If that be true he was not prepared, under any circumstances, to support a coercion bill which would stand isolated, and which was to be taken into consideration without reference to the

social state of Ireland generally. It was not his intention to enter into the merits of the bill itself—"Hear, hear," from the ministerial benches;—and principally for the reason that, although her majesty's ministers had furnished them with catalogues of the outrages which had been committed in that country, the accuracy of which he doubted not—to the character of the majority of those this bill did not apply. ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) At the same time, while this state of disturbance was dwelt upon, her majesty's ministers held out the hope, that the state of society in Ireland was at the present moment in a state of great amelioration. The First Lord of the Treasury mentioned it as an instance of great inconsistency on the part of his noble friend the member for Lynn (Lord G. Bentinck), that he should have voted for the first reading of this bill, and be prepared to oppose the second reading of it. The reason the noble lord gave the other night, that he had no confidence in her majesty's government, might at first be looked at as a reason to stop all argument and put an end to the question; but he was not willing that it should be thought, that in voting upon this question they were influenced by a feeling of non-confidence in the government. It was three months exactly since the first minister of the crown applied to the noble lord, through the secretary of the treasury, to know what course he and his party intended to pursue in reference to this bill. The noble lord, after consulting his friends, frankly expressed what his intentions were. Those expressions had been observed, not only to the letter, but to the spirit. He could not, therefore, admit that any argument against the consistency of the noble lord could be maintained. As far as his political consistency was concerned, his noble friend was ready to pit it against that of the right honourable gentleman. (Loud cheers.) But he could not for a moment admit that the great controversy before the house and the country, which touched the very foundation of their parliamentary constitution, was to be designated a personal quarrel. He recommended the right hon. gentleman to get Mr. Fox's speeches, and to study them day and night; he was sure his nervous and masculine eloquence would not suffer by their perusal. (Laughter.) But now he approached a more serious subject, and one which he could not allude to without unaffected pain. The noble lord, speaking from circumstances, and remembering his early position in public life, when he occupied the humblest political office which he could fill under a great minister, to whom he was bound by the nearest ties, stated that the right hon. gentleman had hunted to death Mr. Canning. He stated that in the year 1827 the right hon. gentleman admitted that in the year 1825 he had informed Lord Liverpool that what was then called the catholic question must be settled,—that it was no longer possible to resist those claims. In his reply, the right hon. gentleman said that in 1829 (not of course denying the communication with Lord Liverpool), when he announced that communication to the house of commons, he stated nothing more than what he had expressed in 1827, in the presence of Mr. Canning himself. The right hon. gentleman referred to that speech of 1829, but he never read it—he only read the speech of 1827. He was making no charge against the right hon. gentleman, but said that his was a garbled, a misstated, or, to use the softer language of that house, a mutilated report of the speech. The hon. member then proceeded to read an extract from the *Mirror of Parliament*, in which Sir Robert Peel, after alluding to his having been left in a minority, is made to say, "I stated to Lord Liverpool, that, in consequence of the decision against me by the country, through the voice of its representatives, the time was come when something with respect to the catholics, in my opinion, ought to be done." He also cited, in corroboration of this report, a question put by Sir Edward Knatchbull, during the debates upon the Catholic Emancipation Bill. He thought it unnecessary to offer any further evidence to the house. What then was said of the right hon. gentleman? That he hunted Mr. Canning to death. It was a metaphorical phrase, and it only described the intensity of the feelings of Mr. Canning's friends with regard to the transactions that occurred. It was nineteen years since they had happened, and posterity had decided upon them. He then had to call their attention to the species of attack made by the right hon. gentleman upon the noble lord (Lord G. Bentinck). "How," it was said by the right hon. gentleman to the noble lord, "if you are the friend of Mr. Canning, and have had such feelings with respect to him, how can you justify yourself in calling me your right hon. friend?" Really, it was hardly necessary for him to answer in parliament taunts and observations of that description. So far was his noble friend from acknowledging the right hon. gentleman as his political leader, that he was found voting against the right hon. gentleman, and aiding in driving him from office. He was the personal friend of Lord Stanley, not of the right hon. gentleman, and he could not see that he became the personal friend of the right hon. bart.: there was no personal intimacy between them. The right hon. gentleman once said, that "Ireland was his great difficulty." But if he had frankly communicated with Mr. Canning in 1825, would Ireland have been his great difficulty? And now that he must fall, and on a division with respect to Ireland, he must bear in mind that Ireland was fatal to him. It was just that it should be so. Nemesis dictated the vote, and regulated the division, and stamped with her seal of parliamentary reprobation the catastrophe of a sinister career. (Loud cheers.)

Sir R. PEEL was quite aware that the forms of the house altogether precluded him from making any reply to the speech of the hon. gentleman; yet still, upon a matter so purely personal, he dared say the house would waive a rigid adherence to established usages. The whole of this question turned upon the single fact—Did he, or did he not, in the year 1825, state to Lord Liverpool that his opinion upon the catholic question was changed, and that he advised that there should be a settlement of the question? He publicly asserted that the report of his speech in 1829, of the 5th of March in that year, was a correct statement of the truth; that he said to Lord Liverpool, in 1825, that his position as secretary of state for the home department, being the only one of the government opposing the Roman Catholic claims, and being responsible for the administration of affairs in Ireland—was so intolerable that he asked to resign his situation. It was not to be expected that he should be enabled, after the lapse of 17 or 18 years, to reconcile every discrepancy in the reports; but the main question was, did he or did he not, in 1825, state to Lord Liverpool that his opinion was changed? He did what many others had done—he corrected his speech; but again he asserted that he never did, in 1825, and that was the main fact, intimate to Lord Liverpool a personal change in his opinion upon the subject of the Roman Catholic claims. He had no right to notice any of the observations of the hon. gentleman. He refrained from doing so; and he was deeply grateful to the house for having permitted him to occupy so much of its attention.

Mr. C. POWELL moved the adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to.

"Hog or dog!—that's the question," as the fellow said when he sat down to a dish of fried sausages.

DIED.—At Columbus Ga. on the 25th inst., of a bilious fever, George H. Torry, in the 26th year of his age, formerly of this city.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1846.

We last week briefly adverted to the intemperate and very undignified attack made by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli upon the character and ministerial conduct of Sir Robert Peel. The Coercion Bill gave them as they foolishly imagined an excellent opportunity for venting their spleen; the former in revenge for a triumph in favour of liberal principles, which his Lordship and his party saw must lastingly militate against the protectionist influence in England, and the latter in pursuance of a spiteful feeling which, after all, poor Disraeli cannot help, being part of his very nature, and the result of exacerbations consequent upon his inability to shake the firmness of Sir Robert's deportment.

Upon more deliberate perusal of the latest Journals we have the impression that the Coercion Bill will after all be carried, and thus these two "distinguished legislators" with others of their kidney, will have the mortification to reflect that besides the damages to their characters as gentlemanly debaters, they have been induced to oppose a measure, to which in their hearts they are favourable, and which will thus have become a law agreeable to their internal convictions but contrary to the acrimonious intention of their expressed policy; and they will have joined with their political adversaries fruitlessly, to oust the great minister from the stage of public life.

We have already expressed our belief that even if the Coercion bill were to be thrown out, that is not cause enough for the minister's retirement; but we now believe he will not have occasion to avail himself of such a reason. That Sir Robert Peel will lay down the ministerial load which of late has pressed so heavily on his labour-wearied shoulders must be expected; but he will dispossess himself of office, to the regrets of his Sovereign, and to the great grief of every right thinking man among his fellow subjects. We have therefore put upon record in our columns the substance of those debates in the House of Commons which both vindicate and illustrate the character of Sir Robert Peel, while they must cover with confusion those who so malevolently asperse both himself and his administration.

On this subject, as well as on the final settlement of the Corn Question, we may confidently expect to have ample intelligence by the Cambria. And now it may be said that a highly important problem is upon the eve of solution. Have the systems of Agriculture hitherto in operation in England, been such as fully to develop the capabilities of its several districts for the supply of food to the inhabitants. If they have, then it is self-evident that supplies from abroad were necessary in order to prevent her dense population from starving;—if they have not, then the farmers will be put to their skill—as is the case with every department of manufacture—to produce more largely, in order to keep out, in some degree, the foreign competition. If their improved agriculture shall render foreign produce unnecessary in the English market, then the Corn laws have been a check to agricultural progress; if, after all, this cannot be effected, then the extravagant rents of Landlords must be reduced, for tenants cannot continue to till the ground at a loss. But, every way, the repeal of the Corn laws must be an advantage to the community.

. In calling the attention of readers to the advertisement of Mr. Geo. Harvey, who is desirous of disposing of his property on the banks of the Hudson River previous to his departure for Europe, we feel inclined for more reasons than one to dilate somewhat on the circumstances; first because, both as an artist and as a gentleman we are proud of his friendship, and secondly because the place for sale is not only valuable as a property, but is likewise the most enviable little paradise of a spot that we know of within a wide circumference.

This charming residence is situated on the Eastern bank of the Hudson, about 20 miles from the city, and adjoining the Steamboat landing at Hastings.

The views from various parts of the property are beautiful, the air is perfectly salubrious, and the water excellent. There are several building sites laid out on it, according to the suitableness of the ground, these are of one, two, three or more acres; one of these sites on the River Bank, has a terrace wall of one hundred and forty feet in length, commanding an uninterrupted view down to Staten Island on the south, and to the Highlands of West Point on the North.

This locality has advantages scarcely to be equalled on the river. The trees are in a luxurious state of growth, umbrageous and beautiful. The ground on the land side is level, suitable for an extended lawn, while that on the terrace would be cultivated exclusively as a flower garden, from the walks of which may be seen the ever varying commerce of the river, the distant landscape, and the bold craggy heights of the Palisade Rocks. Here too can be enjoyed the invigorating breeze from the river. The House and garden on the shore should belong to this plot of five acres, to be occupied as a permanent residence of the person in charge of the premises.

The Cottage has about five acres attached to it. It consists of two rooms above stairs, three rooms on the principal floor, a basement kitchen and cellar, below; a wood-house in which is a small room for a man's bed, there is also a barn, beneath which is stabling for three horses, harness and store room. Two stone arches for pigs, a fowl house, and ice-house, and other out buildings. The fruit consists of five hundred grape vines of nine varieties, one hundred pear, peach, nectarine, apricot, plum, quince, and cherry trees, a choice variety of each. A filbert hedge, asparagus beds, raspberries, strawberries, &c. &c. The flower garden is laid out with two thousand yards of fine Box-edgings, and

planted with the greatest display of Flora's favourites, amongst which are fifty different kinds of roses; it is terraced constituting what is technically called a hanging garden. Descending a few steps you come to a grape arbour three hundred feet in length, which communicates with shady walks on the woody bank. The fruit only, in a few years, it is calculated will yield an income of from five hundred to a thousand dollars per annum. The cottage will admit of additions being made advantageously to its general effect, it being in the Gothic style.

There is also on the shore a permanent stone dock built with heavy stones, many of which weigh more than two tons each, and a water grant has been obtained for further extension. This is on the North, while on the South is the Marble Quarry Dock; thus these two secure the banks from any injury from the tides, and form a beautiful Bay. On the East of the property is attached a White Pentalic Marble Quarry, now leased, with an inclined plane railroad leading to the last named dock. The other building sites and village lots will be understood by referring to the map, which Mr. Harvey is prepared to shew to applicants.

The account we have but too briefly given is in no respect an exaggeration of the reality, and it is at so short a distance from the city that the facts can be ascertained in a pleasure trip of a very short time, and small expense. In truth the comforts of the country and the vicinity to town are so nearly combined that it may almost be pronounced "rus in urbe." For the business part of the matter, let Mr. Harvey speak for himself. See his advertisement.

A TRIP TO BUFFALO—CONTINUED.

From Syracuse the traveller has two ways of departure westward, to say nothing of the possible choice or necessity of his going onward from thence by the Erie Canal boats. If business, choice, or economy so conclude for him, he may proceed to the busy city of Oswego, situated on the shore of the lake Ontario, about 38 miles to the northward of Syracuse, from which he can pass by steamboat across the lake, to any of the Canadian towns on its northern shore, or he can steam it along the southern side either to Rochester, or to Lewiston, from which last he can either pass to the Falls of Niagara, or proceed at once to Buffalo. In pursuing this route it must be confessed that the commencement is not very gratifying; for, although the boats are good, and there is nothing to complain of as to the living, yet the progress is slow, and the number of bridges (most of them low) so annoying, that there is little pleasure in keeping on deck. Nearly 10 hours are occupied in this journey of less than forty miles, but certainly the stranger is rewarded, at each end of the canal, by the sight of the flourishing and rapidly increasing places Oswego and Syracuse. Furthermore, the travelling expenses are somewhat smaller by this mode than by railroad from Albany to Buffalo, and it is no small gratification to any one who loves to see the busy stirrings of commerce, to observe the almost innumerable succession of canal boats, deeply laden with the products of the country.

The other and much more usual mode of procedure in journeying westward, except to those with whom economy is of paramount importance, is that of the Rail Road, by which we shall now continue the route, and shall make our first halt at the celebrated Auburn, which in many respects justifies the description given by the poet of Nature, Goldsmith, to "The Deserted Village" of the same name; and it would still more largely do so, were it not that the earliest object which strikes the eye, is that large receptacle of human depravity, the State Prison, the contemplation of which fills the heart with sadness, even in despite of that contemptible and absurd exhibition of bad taste, the wooden sentinel which perpetually surmounts its walls. To those however, who have leisure and inclination to look over the economy of criminal punishment, here is extensive matter of interest: for the internal regulations of the Prison at Auburn have been the admiration and example of the whole civilised world. It is here, *par excellence*, that the attempt to reform the criminal and restore a citizen to the commonwealth, is more especially the object than to wreak vengeance on the offender for what cannot be undone or compensated for; it is true that the great experiment is at least attempted whether crimes in general, of the deepest die—murder alone excepted—cannot be punished in a manner sufficiently exemplary to the rest of mankind, without resorting to that ultimatum, the destruction of human life;—in short, it is that it is intended to effect reform and atonement, without diminishing the number of the citizens of the State. An immense, a grand experiment!—of which, however, though the appearances are abundantly promising, the views are not yet fully and satisfactorily developed. Be all this as it may, here is abundant food for reflection, and the wayfarer may well spare a few hours to partake of it. He will afterwards pass along an agreeable line of country, in which evident traces of rapid agricultural development and improvement are everywhere visible; he will pass over the head of the Cayuga lake along a bridge of more than a mile in length; he will arrive at the delightful town of Geneva, on the banks of as delightful a lake, and here again, if business do not drive him onward, he will do well to enjoy the beauties of nature for a few hours, and dwell with thankfulness on the Bounteous Hand which has given such variety of beauty and plenty to mankind.

Geneva may be, and too often is, passed by without any such reflection crossing the mind of the traveller; and it is true that even the next place of much importance, Canandaigua, experiences the same neglect, occasionally; but in the case of the latter we opine this can only occur when he is an utter stranger to the place, has never heard more concerning it than merely its name, and cannot form any other notion of it than that which is afforded by a hasty transit across the main street; whereas in very truth this charming spot approaches more nearly to a terrestrial paradise, than any other on which poor we at least have set foot, in either hemisphere; and we are bound to confess that although we lingered about its vicinity and dwelt on its beauties much longer than due regard to our

worldly pursuits would authorise, we yet dragged ourselves away unsatisfied with the brevity of our sojourn, and desirous for a much longer term of leisure, in which to revel it its various charms.

Canandaigua stands upon a gently inclined plane descending from north to south: the main street, which if we measured right in pacing, is full one hundred and fifty feet wide, is nearly three miles in length, and is literally a street of villas; for excepting about a third or half a mile at the lower extremity there are hardly to be found two houses which adjoin on each other. They are all distinct mansions of neat, tasteful, and in several instances elaborate architecture, each surrounded with its pleasure grounds, gardens, domestic offices and appurtenances, the owners of which also are for the most part persons of education, opulence, and station in life; the interiors of their houses are fitted up with taste, elegance, and the marks—though seldom tawdry ones—of wealth; we had the pleasure of going through and over some in which good pictures, masterly sculpture, valuable libraries, and all the luxuries of intellectual enjoyment abounded, and where, as the concomitant of such external circumstances, we found politeness, liberal feeling, and hospitality, which only added to our regret at being obliged to leave them behind. The lower half mile of the main street is occupied by the traders of the village, who find abundant occupation in ministering to the requirements of the rest. There are several side streets which elsewhere would be greatly, aye and deservedly admired, but which are obliged to suffer in comparison with the first-mentioned street, and here are several good hotels of which the principal one—and we say most emphatically a good one—is Blossom's hotel, immediately adjacent to the Rail Road Station.

That this delightful spot may be complete in all its details, here is yet another luxury to be described. The village terminates at its southern extremity at the shore of lake Canandaigua, along the western side of which is a most beautiful road for riding or driving, and upon the waters of which are numerous boats for fishing, rowing, or the conveyance of goods. The land all round this favored spot is all of the best quality, the scenery in every direction is adapted to a poetic temperament of the mind, and one could almost imagine that the lost Paradise of our primeval ancestors had been wafted to this side of the earth. But alas! we are beckoned on, and however unwillingly we must obey the call.

Rattling hastily through two or three villages which are rapidly increasing into the dignity of cities, we arrived in a couple of hours after leaving Canandaigua, at the prosperous and still growing Rochester, 252 miles west from Albany. Again, after the first confusion, incidental to witnessing the bustle and business of a city whose very essence is commerce, the mind gets involved in contemplation and reflection. Here is a place which but as yesterday was wilderness, to-day is swarming with a busy population, it is covered with magnificent edifices, intersected with canals upon which laden vessels are crowded, and it is contiguous to the lake Ontario, from which it is distant only a very few miles, which enables it to change and interchange a large traffic with the whole of Canada. Here also are numerous beauties of nature, in particular the river scenery of the Genesee, with several falls of greater or lesser magnitude, but which the industry and—shall we say—cupidity of man have robbed of their pristine romantic beauty, in order to make them "water privileges" and contribute to the increase of private wealth. The ultra-utilitarian doubtless will defend the principle; he will tell us that these things contribute to public wealth also, and consequently to national prosperity; but we shall demur to his consequence, and shall certainly object to his taste. Be this as it may, we must admit that the Genesee Falls all contribute to the wealth and importance of Rochester.

We have already intimated that our bounds will hardly allow us to do more than draw up a kind of itinerary of this route, and in truth to do justice to the several places where the stoppages are of any great length, would require for each its volume. More especially would this be the case for Rochester, and therefore we shall cut the matter short by saying that the city abounds in good hotels, but decidedly the best within our imperfect experience of the place is the Eagle Hotel, where the obliging proprietor, Mr. Hall, is indefatigable in his attentions to the comfort of his guests.

Here again, in proceeding onwards, is a choice of routes, and we would advise all who have not business between Rochester and Buffalo to diversify the scene by taking a steam passage from Rochester to Lewistown (by way of the lake Ontario), passing from thence across the river to Queenston, and so on to the Canada side of Niagara Falls, where they should take up their temporary abode with Mr. Griffen at the Clifton House, and then pass on by the Chippewa route to Buffalo—about 22 miles. In adopting this line of route there are various arguments in its favour; it is, firstly, a relief from the monotonous rumbling of the Rail Road Cars, the placid surface of the lake produces a calm repose on the mind of the traveller, who moreover is proceeding on his destination while sleeping, and who awakes to fresh, beautiful, and interesting scenery. By passing along the Canada side from Queenston to the Clifton House at the Falls, and from thence as above described to Buffalo, the battle ground is traversed, scenes of the late memorable transactions, and the eye is suddenly presented with the view in all its magnitude and fullness of the sublime Falls which have not their equal for picturesque grandeur in the whole world; and indeed it is only on that side that the magnificent *coup d'œil* can be obtained. The feelings and sensations produced by this phenomenon become more and more expansive as the gazer sits with the sublime object before him, and this effect is well produced by sitting under the Colonnade of the Clifton, or the windows of its apartments, without having to suffer from the heat of the summer's sun, or the spray which the Cataract is continually throwing up in dense showers on the visitors walking along the heights near the Falls themselves.

Farewell, however, to Niagara Falls, and their thousand interesting and curious adjuncts, concerning which volumes may well be written;—and here we are at

length, at Buffalo, with the broad waters of that Inland Sea, Lake Erie, glittering with the reflected beams of the sun, and covered with numerous craft both large and small. We might have come from Rochester in about four hours, by Rail Road, but the difference in point of gratification is beyond all comparison.

But here again we are obliged to suspend our remarks, but shall sum up and conclude in our next.

The Drama.

Niblo's Garden.—Never since this delicious spot became a place of public resort, has it been so much the rage as during the present summer. The fascination of the Ravel performances is quite as great, and as deservedly so, as during the first season of that family's appearance here; and, strange as it may seem, their performances have a perennial freshness, for they are chiefly the same as have been witnessed every Ravel season since the beginning. The chief novelty, *Mdlle. Blangy*, has made a powerful impression, and she will be a permanent favourite; the applauses bestowed on her *Calista*, and her *Neapolitan dance*, have been well followed up on her *Sylphide*. *M. Henri* and his sister, *Madame Leon Javelli*, also come duly in for an ample share of approbation; and as if "to keep the ball rolling" the nights of the comic drama have as large a proportion of the public favour as those of the pantomime and the ballet. But who, with any taste for comic humour can resist the temptation to witness the talents of *Placide*, *Burton*, and the rest, when *Momus* rules the hour?

The Chatham, *The Greenwich*, and *the Vauxhall* are all doing an excellent business, for they have all wisely adopted the system of numerous and short pieces, during the heat of summer, when the audiences cannot dwell on the depositions which have to wait through three or five acts at a sitting.

Literary Notices.

Geographical Maps. No. 5.—New York: Harper & Brothers. We have formerly alluded to this ingenious mode of executing maps. The series before us is one which will be a valuable accession in the study of Geography in schools, and will form an Atlas of large size, comprehensive information, and great clearness of execution. It is intended as an accompaniment to the ingenious school geography of Morse.

Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakespeare, Nos. 91 and 92.—The numbers before us contain another of those plays generally attributed to Shakespeare, but concerning which there has been much controversial criticism. The editor of the edition, however, has made out a tolerably strong claim to the great bard's authorship of this, called "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," as well as of the "Titus Andronicus," and his remarks on these heads are well deserving of consideration. The embellishments are very beautiful.

Biblical Legends.—Harpers.—This is a collection of Mussulman Legends of the Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud, compiled from Arabic sources, by Dr. G. Weil. They are exceedingly interesting, as we have heretofore shown our readers by presenting them a copious review of the work, on its appearance in London. It forms No. XV. of Harper's "New Miscellany."

French Domestic Cookery.—Harpers.—This publication must commend itself to every good housewife. It contains over twelve hundred receipts, besides giving instructions in the management of the table, carving, as well as giving a variety of new modes of storing provisions, management of wines, &c. It is neatly put forth, and amply illustrated with engravings.

The Redskins; or Indian and Inquin. 2 vols. By Jas. F. Cooper. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co. Mr. Cooper has here drawn up the arguments against the new notion of anti-venism, and there is no question that he has by far the best of it. He puts the matter in the form of a narrative, in which his principal characters are the sufferers by the agrarian spirit, and shows up the mighty wrong done to the rights of property, in very forcible and just points of view.

Thornberry Abbey. A tale of the Times. New York: E. Dunigan. This work is intended for young persons; it is directly intended for readers of the Roman catholic persuasion, but it is indirectly presumed to be operative on any other; it is ingenious, but not ingenuous; it is leaving off the campaign by assault, and resorting to the system of sapping and mining; in short, it is the design of conversion through the medium of Puseyism, and smells more distinctly of the lamps belonging to the Society of the Jesus than any little insidious production that we have met with of a long season.

Life of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. By his Widow. Mr. Fairfield was a man of talent, but continually unfortunate in a worldly point of view; his temper consequently became fretted, and it is to be feared he fell a victim to morbid sensibility. Mrs. Fairfield, who more than partook his struggles, has drawn up a brief memoir of her husband, and we trust it may be beneficial to herself.

Westminster Review for June, 1846.—This republication by Leonard Scott & Co. has been deservedly popular. The present number contains articles of great interest, such as the subject of Magnetism; considerations of the lost senses, deafness, and blindness; Tendency of Puseyism; British Legislation of 1845; and the Oregon Question.

Venice Preserved. A tragedy. By Thos. Otway. New York: W. Taylor & Co.—The "Venice Preserved" is too generally known as a stock play to need any remarks on it at this time. It is here forming a part of the series of Dramatic works under the title of "Modern Standard Drama" edited by Epes Sargent.

Virtue's (late Martin's) Illustrated Bible. Part 27. This edition, which is one of the finest we have ever beheld, of the Holy Scriptures, proceeds rather slowly, but it proceeds well. The number on our table contains a beautiful engraving, called "Samuel before Eli," engraved by West from a painting by Copley, father of the present Lord Chancellor of England. We have several times conscientiously praised the manner in which it is brought out, and the specimen before us is well worthy of those which have preceded it.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETSERS!!!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS RELIABLE. Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the blood is in an un sound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life; they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

SICKLY SEASON.

There is not a man, woman, or child, but should take medicine at this season of the year, but more especially at this present time; for there probably were never so many causes existing at one period as there are now, so likely to produce a state of sickness. The repeated changes in the atmosphere, by acting as they do upon the constitution, and quality of the blood itself, give occasion for the most fatal and malignant disorders. The bile becomes, and often without any warning, in a most acrimonious condition from these repeated changes, and if the stomach and bowels have been neglected previously, the first symptoms require immediate attention. Even those who have a healthy disposition of body, are subject to sickness under these circumstances. Therefore to prevent any danger, we ought carefully to guard against a costive state of our bowels. Once or twice they should be evacuated in twenty-four hours. There are many causes which produce unhealthy blood: sometimes it may arise from grief, at others when the system is in a state of fullness it can take place from sudden joy; close application to a literary undertaking can produce it in all cases where many persons have to be seen and spoken to, which producing nervous excitement, is a fertile source of unhealthy blood occasioning that slow nervous fever which has carried off some of our best men, men martyrs to their reputation, but which a knowledge of the powers of Brandreth's Pills would have prevented. Those who desire to secure their health, under almost any adverse circumstances, can do so by having Brandreth's Pills on hand, and at once resorting to them when the first feelings of disorder take place in their bodies. As this advice is used so will the health be. The time will yet be when a man that makes good medicine shall be honoured more than he who is adept in the art of war.

PURIFICATION.

It is a settled creed in all correct medical jurisprudence, that unless the blood is kept free from impurities, the whole system must inevitably become diseased. When the blood becomes clogged, thick, and moves through the veins and arteries with a sluggish motion, we may rest assured that sickness, with its concomitant train of evils, is about to ensue. The utmost care and greatest precaution are therefore necessary, and the system should be closely watched. Those who generally provide themselves with mild and aperient physic, should give a preference to such as are of a strictly vegetable nature. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills appear to be the universal favorite, as they are composed entirely of Vegetables and co-operate so effectually—cleansing the system—purifying the blood and removing all undue biliary secretions.

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CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premium paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 08	2223
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 89	1839	828 00	370 43	55 76	1739
			1840	581 83	270 20	39 79	1483
			1841	555 36	347 60	37 64	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846.) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall street, New York.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, June 22d, 1846.

NOW ISSUING.

PART XXVII. OF

VIRTUE'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE,

Embellished by a superb engraving of "Samuel before Eli," engraved by West after a painting by Copley.

As this Bible has been acknowledged the most splendid work ever issued in the United States, the public are respectfully invited to inspect it at the publisher's store.

July 18-18* GEORGE VIRTUE (late R. Martin & Co.) 26 John-St.

VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The Subscriber being about to depart for Europe offers for sale upon very advantageous terms his property situated on the East Bank of the Hudson River adjacent to the Hastings Steam boat landing, nearly twenty miles from the City of New York, and from which there is abundant communication daily at a very light cost. The property consists of about 28 acres, all advantageously laid out, with a cottage in the Gothic style, surrounding gardens, well placed sites for buildings which may be hereafter erected, abundance of fruit trees and flowers of a great variety, a substantial stone dock, an excellent marble quarry with an inclined plane and dock at the foot for carrying off the blocks by water conveyance, the whole presenting an estate well worthy the attention of any one who wishes to invest in the country but near to the great mart of business. A map of the property may be seen and all the particulars given, with terms of a highly advantageous nature by applying, by letter post-paid to Mr. Harvey 230 Pearl-st.

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article.

Apl 18-46.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

From Liverpool.			From New York.		
Saturday	-	11th April.	Thursday	-	7th May.
Saturday	-	30th May.	Thursday	-	25th June.
Saturday	-	23rd July.	Thursday	-	20th Aug.
Saturday	-	12th Sept.	Thursday	-	8th Oct.
Saturday	-	31st Oct.	Thursday	-	25th Nov.

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer. (In private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place.

J. T. WILLISTON,
DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Cortlandt-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms.
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June 8.

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JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Assa Burton,	H. Huttonston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21,
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21,
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21,
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	Apr. 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21,

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They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

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Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20,
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20,	10, 10, 10,
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	20, 20, 20,
Switzerland,	F. Knight,	10, 10, 10,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20,	10, 10, 10,
Victoria,	F. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	20, 20, 20,
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10,	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1,
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20,	10, 10, 10,
Prince Albert,	W. S. Sebor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	20, 20, 20,
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20,	10, 10, 10,

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

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Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Venton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16,
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1,
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1,	16, 16, 16,
Fidella, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1,
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1,	16, 16, 16,
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16,	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1,
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1,	16, 16, 16,
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16,	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1,

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

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